



No.67

A NEW WINNER!
BOY COMMANDOS



THE BATMAN

Detective

MADE IN U.S.A. PAT. OFF.

SEPT.

KEEP IT
FLYING!

COMICS 10¢



BATMAN AND ROBIN
BATTLE THE
PENGUIN

IN A HIGH-FLYING
SUPER-ACTION EPIC

"CRIME'S EARLY BIRD"

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reviewed by **JOSETTE FRANK**, staff advisor

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S.O.S. RADIO PATROL

By **WILLIAM HEYLIGER**

When four Boy Scouts of Radio Patrol Troop Nine pitched their tent on an island in Lazy River, they were all set for some weeks of delightful camping. They had grand plans—but these did not include a flood!

The rise of the swollen river gave ominous warning, but the Scouts felt perfectly safe on their island. When the dam above them gave way, they knew they were in danger. The angry waters threatened to submerge their island. Their short-wave radio was dead and they had to find a way to escape while their boat was still afloat.

But across the swollen river the farmer's family was in grave danger. The boys would not save themselves without attempting to rescue the women and children whose house was threatened with destruction.

How, by quick-thinking and courage, they managed that rescue, and how, finally, they got their frantic S.O.S. through to Scout Headquarters makes a story full of thrills and interest. It is full of real adventure and fine scouting, too.

This is a new book. Ask your librarian for it.

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Krypton No. 9)

**PREN CQN JGRB CQN JGN FRCQ KXWMB JWM
BCJVBV!**

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BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
- THE BOY WONDER -

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

ANGELS HAVE WINGS... BUT
THE PENGUIN, THAT LUDICROUS
BIRD OF ILL OMEN, IS NO ANGEL...
AND SO HE HAS TO BORROW
PINIONS WHEN HE TAKES A
FLIER IN AS FANTASTIC A
DESIGN FOR CRIME AS EVER!
AN EVIL BRAIN CONCEIVED
FACED WITH BAFFLING FLOCKS
OF FEATHERED FELONS, THE
BATMAN AND ROBIN SOAR
TO NEW HEIGHTS OF HEROISM,
TAKING THEIR NIMBLE WITS
AND AGILE MUSCLES TO THE
LIMIT TO CLIP THE WINGS OF...
"CRIME'S EARLY BIRD!"



SPRING... AND THE BIRDS RETURN TO
GOTHAM CITY...

LOOK, BRUCE...
THE FIRST ROBIN
I'VE SEEN THIS
YEAR. WE ROBINS
ARE EARLY BIRDS.
ALL RIGHT!

YOU'RE NO
EARLY BIRD
WHEN IT
COMES TO
GETTING UP
FOR
SCHOOL!



ELSEWHERE, EDUCATED BIRDS PERFORM FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF THEATER AUDIENCES..

WHILE NAUGHTY JACKDAWS STEAL NECKLACES OUT OF BOX, THIS FELLA TELL US HOW MANY IS FIVE AND SEVEN!

AWRRK...! FIVE AND SEVEN ARE TWELVE, CHUM!



SING HI LO AND HIS FAMOUS PERFORMING BIRDS-

...AND A FLY-BY-NIGHT CHARACTER WELL KNOWN TO THE POLICE...THE WILY PENGUIN WATCHES THROUGH SMOKED GLASSES!

VERY CLEVER! AND IT IS ONLY FITTING THAT I, THE PENGUIN, USE THOSE BIRDS IN MY BUSINESS!



PRESENTLY...AS WEALTHY BRUCE WAYNE AND YOUNG DICK GRAYSON NEAR THE THEATER DISTRICT.

LISTEN... SHOOTING!

THERE GOES OUR QUIET EVENING AT THE THEATER!

BANG!



OUTER GARMENTS DISCARDED IN A TWINKLING, THE TWO BECOME THOSE CAPED FIGURES OF NIGHT...BATMAN AND ROBIN THE BOY WONDER!

I'D RATHER PUT ON THIS KIND OF SHOW ANY TIME!

TO TELL THE TRUTH, ROBIN, SO WOULD I!



WELL, WELL... LOOK WHO'S HERE! HI, BOYS! NEED ANY HELP?

THE BATMAN!

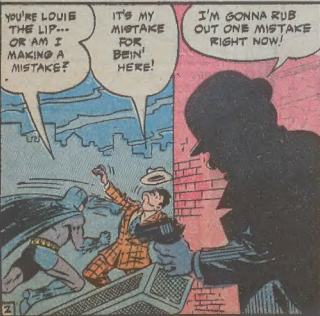
WHAT'D WE DO TO DESERVE THIS?



YOU'RE LOUIS THE LIP... OR AM I MAKING A MISTAKE?

IT'S MY MISTAKE FOR BEIN' HERE!

I'M GONNA RUB OUT ONE MISTAKE RIGHT NOW!

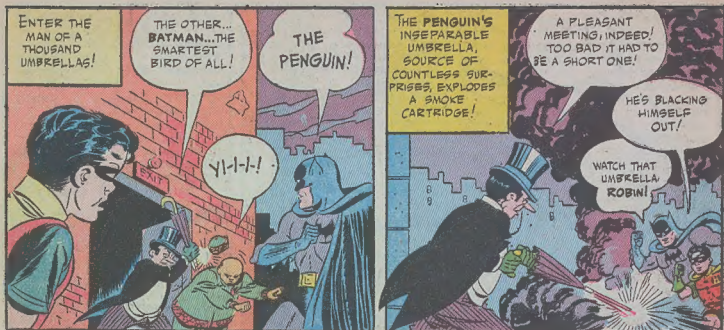


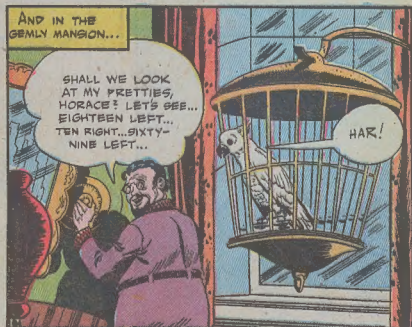
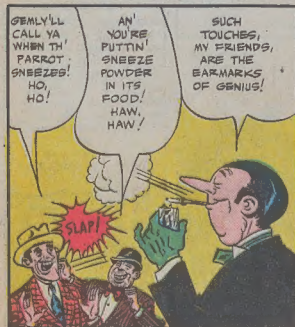
HOTFOOT HARRY, I BELIEVE!

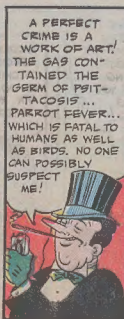
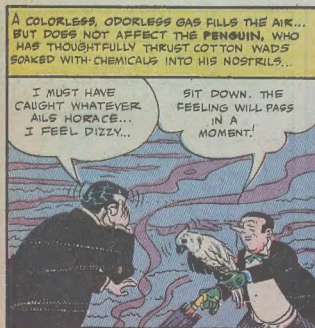
CLOAKED CRIMINALS LOB SING HI LO!

JAILBIRDS AND STAGS BIRDS! ANY OTHER AROUND?









NEWS HEADLINES STIR A SIXTH SENSE IN BRUCE WAYNE...

A BIRD AND MISSING JEWELRY... SOMETHING TELLS ME THIS IS THE BREAK I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!



WHERE DID YOU SAY WE WERE GOING, BRUCE?

THE PAPER MENTIONED A BIRD DEALER NAMED I. WADDLE... IT'S FUNNY, BUT THAT NAME REMINDS ME OF SOMEBODY. CAN YOU GUESS WHO?



A BEAUTIFUL DAY FOR A STROLL..

I DON'T HAVE TO GUESS... LOOK!

WE'LL FOLLOW HIM AND SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO!



WE CAME JUST IN TIME... HE'S GOING INTO A JEWELRY STORE!

GET SET FOR TROUBLE, FELLA!



WITHIN THE JEWELRY SHOP...

LET ME SEE SOME UNSET DIAMONDS, MY GOOD MAN... FROM ABOUT TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS UP!

IT WILL BE A PLEASURE, SIR... STEP THIS WAY!



UNNOTICED, THE PENGUIN FREESES TWO SMALL BIRDS FROM HIS POCKETS... JACKDAWS, NOTORIOUS WINGED THIEVES OF SMALL, GLITTERING OBJECTS...

YOU'LL FIND THESE OF THE FINEST QUALITY, SIR!

I JUST REMEMBERED I LEFT MY WALLET AT HOME... I SHALL GET IT AND RETURN!



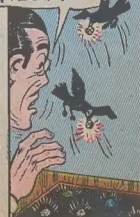
HE'S COMING OUT... AND NOTHING HAPPENED!

MAYBE HE WAS JUST GETTING THE LAYOUT OF THE PLACE FOR FUTURE REFERENCE!



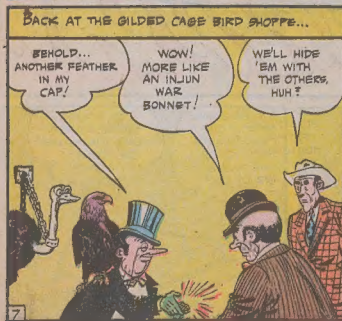
BUT AT THAT MOMENT...

WHA...? BIRDS STEALING MY GEMS! HELP!





AROUND THE CORNER, THE PENGUIN LOOSES A FIERCE AERIAL HUNTER... CONCEALED IN HIS UMBRELLA...





WITH SEEMING CARELESSNESS, THE BATMAN TURNS HIS BACK ON HIS PRISONERS...

GOOD THING THE PENGUIN DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT THAT CHEST OF JEWELS IN BRUCE WAYNE'S HOUSE... AND WAYNES OUT OF THE CITY!

HUH? WHAT'S THAT?

THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!

LET THEM! THE POLICE CAN PICK THEM UP ANY TIME... AND MEANWHILE, I'VE GOT A SCHEME FOR DOSING THE PENGUIN WITH SOME OF HIS OWN MEDICINE!

THAT AFTERNOON A WERD CRAFT STREAKS FROM A SECRET UNDERGROUND HANGAR INTO THE BLUE SKY... THE BATPLANE...

YOU THINK THESE HOVING PIGEONS WE RESCUED FROM THE FIRE WILL LEAD US TO THE PENGUIN'S HIDEOUT?

ALL WE CAN DO IS KEEP 'EM FLYING AND SEE!

GUIDED BY AN INSTINCT THAT HAS BAFLED SCIENTISTS, THE PIGEONS SET A STRAIGHT COURSE FOR THEIR HOME LOFT...

UNLESS I'M MAKING A BIG MISTAKE, THAT PENTHOUSE IS WHERE WE ATTEND A PARTY! TONIGHT!

A SURPRISE PARTY! I CAN HARDLY WAIT!

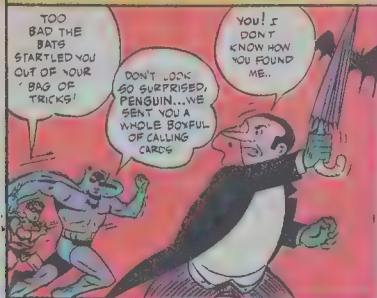
MIDNIGHT... AND THE PENGUIN RETURNS HOME AFTER A PLEASANT EVENING'S WORK...

THE JEWELS OF PLAYBOY BRUCE WAYNE! HA! THE BATMAN HIMSELF TIPPED ME OFF TO THEM, THROUGH LOUIE THE LIP AND HARRY!

I EVEN USED BIRDS ON THIS JOB... FOR AREN'T HARRY AND LOUIE STOO... PIGEONS? NOW LET US SEE HOW MUCH RICHER THE EVENING HAS MADE ME!

BAT! I'VE BEEN TRICKED! THIS IS THE! BATMAN'S IDEA OF A JOKE!

THE NEXT INSTANT...

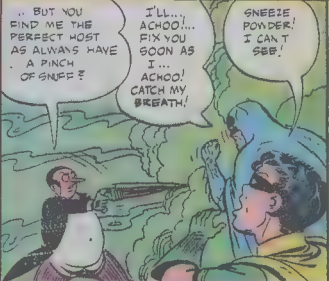


TOO BAD THE BATS STARTLED YOU OUT OF YOUR 'BAG OF TRICKS'!

DON'T LOOK SO SURPRISED, PENGUIN...WE SENT YOU A WHOLE BOYFUL OF CALLING CARDS

YOU! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU FOUND ME..

A CLOUD OF FINE POWDER SPURTS FROM THE EVER-READY UMBRELLA...

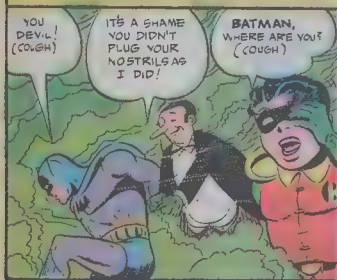


.. BUT YOU FIND ME THE PERFECT HOST AS ALWAYS HAVE A PINCH OF SNEEF?

I'LL... ACHOO... FIX YOU SOON AS I... ACHOO! CATCH MY BREATH!

SNEEZE POWDER! I CAN'T SEE!

WEAKENED AND BLINDED BY FITS OF SNEEZING, THE RACKET-WRECKERS ARE EASY VICTIMS FOR THE MASTER VILLAIN...

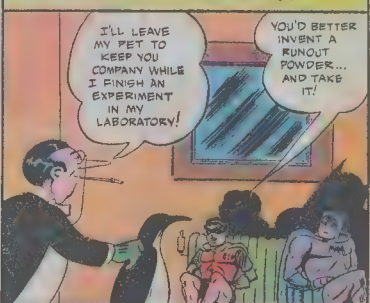


YOU DEVIL! (COUGH)

IT'S A SHAME YOU DIDN'T PLUG YOUR NOSTRILS AS I DID!

BATMAN, WHERE ARE YOU? (COUGH)

SOON THEY ARE HELPLESS PRISONERS...



I'LL LEAVE MY PET TO KEEP YOU COMPANY WHILE I FINISH AN EXPERIMENT IN MY LABORATORY!

YOU'D BETTER INVENT A RUNOUT POWDER... AND TAKE IT!

I'M WORKING ON A NEW DEADLY GAS!...IN A FEW MINUTES YOU TWO SHALL BE HONORED BY BEING THE FIRST TO SNE... IT!



THE LAW WILL CATCH UP WITH YOU IF WE DON'T!

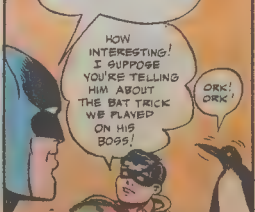
FUNNY BIRDS, PENGUINS...UNLIKE OUR CAPTOR, THEY'RE HARMLESS CREATURES- EVEN HELPFUL AT TIMES!



WE HAVE M.NUTES TO LIVE... AND YOU LECTURE ME ON THE HABITS OF THE PENGUIN!

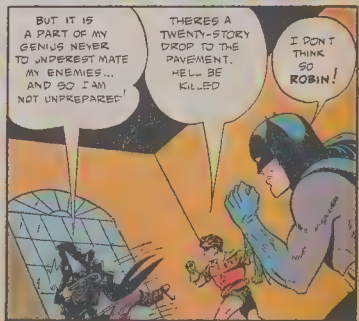
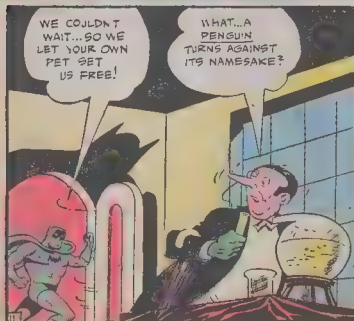
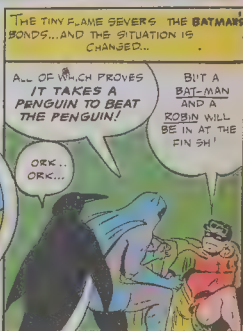
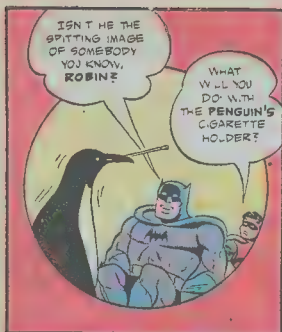
ORK!

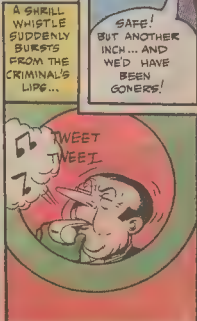
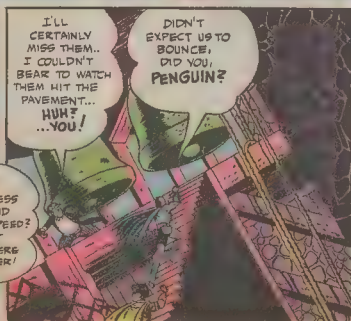
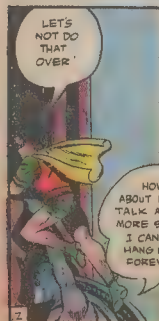
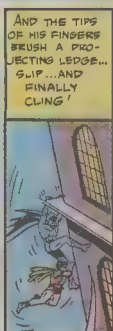
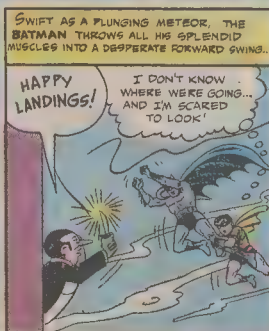
ONE OF THEIR HABITS IS TO CARRY PRESENTS TO STRANGERS WHO INTEREST THEM... STONES AND BITS OF WOOD...HEY, OLD-TIMER...ORK, ORK!

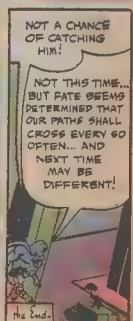
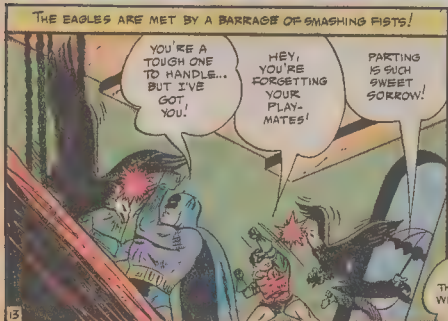
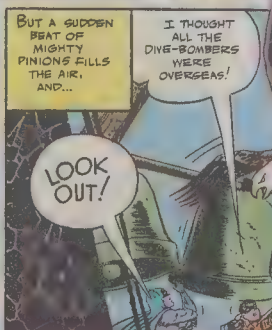
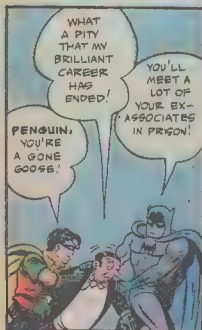
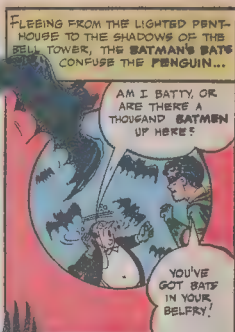
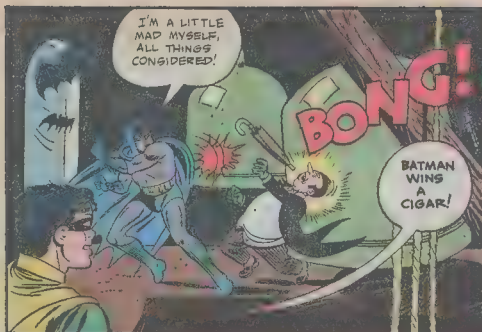


HOW INTERESTING! I SUPPOSE YOU'RE TELLING HIM ABOUT THE BAT TRICK WE PLAYED ON HIS BOSS!

ORK! ORK!







DON & NANCY

... COME TO THE RESCUE OF
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC
... AND THEY ALL HAVE A
WONDERFUL TIME!

CHILDREN, I'M PROUD OF YOU FOR DONATING SO GENEROUSLY TO THE RED CROSS, EVEN THOUGH IT MEANS GIVING UP OUR CLASS PICNIC

BUT, MISS WHITE, THERE'S A DOLLAR LEFT IN OUR TREASURY. CAN'T WE STILL HAVE OUR PICNIC?

I DON'T SEE HOW, NANCY.

REFRESHMENTS ON A DOLLAR? WHY THERE ARE THIRTY OF US IN THIS CLASS. THAT'S ONLY ABOUT THREE CENTS FOR EACH OF US!

WE KNOW HOW! LET US PLAN THE PICNIC AND WE'LL SURPRISE YOU!

AT LAST CAME THE DAY OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC...

M-M-M-FROZEN SUCKERS! MINE'S ORANGE FLAVORED. WHAT'S YOURS?

GANGWAY, FELLOWS! ICE COLD DRINKS COMING UP! WHAT FLAVOR DO YOU WANT?

WHAT FUN! ICE COLD DRINKS, FROZEN SUCKERS, AND ICE CREAM SHERBET!

HURRAH FOR DON AND NANCY! CAN I HAVE SOME MORE? IT SURE TASTES GOOD!

ROOT BEER FLAVOR! SAY, THIS IS THE BEST I EVER HAD.

LOOK, ICE CREAM SHERBET! WANT SOME, MARY?

IT'S A WONDERFUL PICNIC! DON AND NANCY. HOW DID YOU DO SO MUCH FOR SO LITTLE MONEY?

OH, IT WAS EASY! MOTHER HELPED US A LITTLE. AND KOOL-AID HELPED US A LOT. MOTHER ALWAYS SAVES MONEY BY USING KOOL-AID.

I'LL SAY! A NICKEL PACKAGE IS ENOUGH TO MAKE TEN BIG DRINKS OR TWENTY FROZEN SUCKERS OR EIGHT BIG DISHES OF SHERBET!

KOOL-AID
Costs So Little You
Can Have It Often!

TELL your mother about Kool-Aid, how extra good it is in so many different ways. Once she discovers how well it tastes and how little it costs, you'll be having Kool-Aid drinks real often. Recipes on packages tell how to make frozen suckers and ice cream sherbet, too. Ask mother to buy some Kool-Aid today! Try all seven flavors!



HAVE YOU tried Kool-Aid Bubble Gum? It comes in five different flavors, every one extra tasty and chewy. And for blowing bubbles, Kool-Aid Bubble Gum just can't be beat! You get a great big piece for only a penny—and the flavor lasts a long, long time. Remember that, and get more fun for your money. Always ask for KOOL-AID Bubble Gum. PERKINS PRODUCTS CO. • CHICAGO

1¢ EACH

The GOY COMMANDOS

in
"ESCAPE
to
DISASTER!"

Starring
**RIP
CARTER**

ORDER OF THE DAY

TO ALL COMMANDO
PERSONNEL:

The Target for TONIGHT
is the U-BOAT BASE at
TROSLØ, NORWAY. You will
accompany Assigned NAVAL
UNITS aboard a Dynamite-
Laden DESTROYER... Your
Orders are to ram the
CANAL LOCKS and destroy
them... This is a SUICIDE
Mission, so leave your
Picnic-Baskets behind.

Captain *Rip Carter*

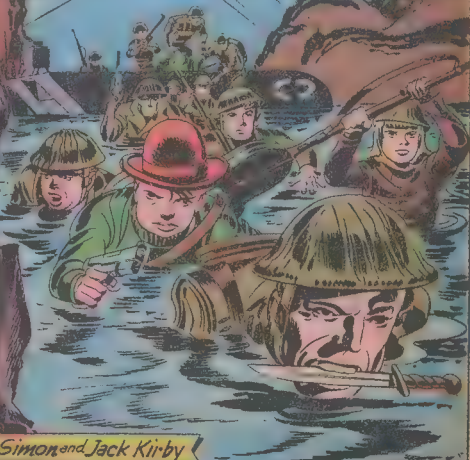
HORSESHOES CORONA
IS A CHARACTER FROM
THE EAST SIDE OF TOWN.
THE KING OF THE RACKETS.

...HORSESHOES
HAD NO BEEF AGAINST
THE NAZIS... HE NEVER
EVEN KNEW THE MOB...
FOR THEY HADN'T MUSCLED
IN ON HIS TERRITORY...

BUT THEN HORSESHOES
CORONA STEPS OUT-
SIDE HIS TERRITORY...
AND WHAT HAPPENS
FROM THERE ON IS A
TALE WHICH ONLY
RIP CARTER AND
HIS GALLANT BOY
COMMANDOS CAN
TELL... FOR THEY HAD
A RINGSIDE SEAT
AT ITS EXPLOSIVE
CLIMAX AND A HAND
IN ITS IRONIC
ENDING!

YOU
MIGHT CALL IT
THE FORTUNES
OF WAR... BUT WE
TERM IT THE MOST
EXCITING GANG
FIGHT SINCE THE
ROARING
TWENTIES!

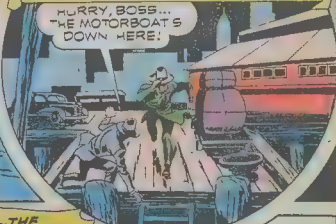
by Joe Simon and Jack Kirby



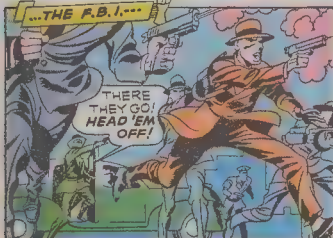
THIS STORY SHOULD BEGIN ON THE BATTLE-FIELDS OF EUROPE, THE BURNING SANDS OF LIBYA, OR THE GRIM FJORDS OF NINO-SWEPT NORWAY...BUT IT DOESN'T! DUE TO CIRCUMSTANCES BEYOND OUR CONTROL, THIS TALE OF THE BOY COMMANDOS HAS ITS STARTLING BEGINNING ON THE BLACKED-OUT DOCKS OF LONER MANHATTAN---

YOU SEE, HORSESHOES CORONA AND BUTTYS BAYNES ARE LEAVING ON A CRUISE TO EUROPE FOR REASONS KNOWN ONLY TO THEMSELVES... AND...

HURRY, BOSS... THE MOTORBOAT'S DOWN HERE!

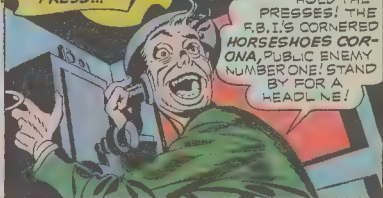


...THE F.B.I.---



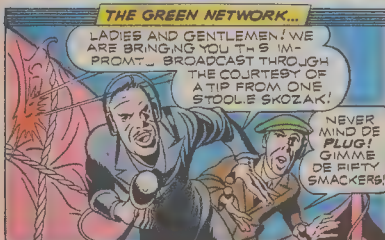
THERE THEY GO! HEAD 'EM OFF!

...THE AMALGAMATED PRESS---



YEAH! HOLD THE PRESSES! THE F.B.I.'S CORNERED HORSESHOES CORONA, PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE! STAND BY FOR A HEADLINE!

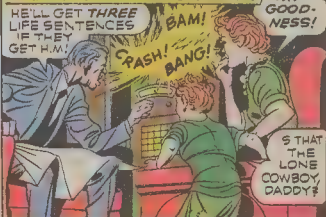
THE GREEN NETWORK...



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! WE ARE BRINGING YOU THIS IMPROMPTU BROADCAST THROUGH THE COURTESY OF A TIP FROM ONE STOOLE SKOZAK!

NEVER MIND DE PLUG! GIMME DE FIETY SMACKERS!

...AND SIX MILLION LISTENERS!

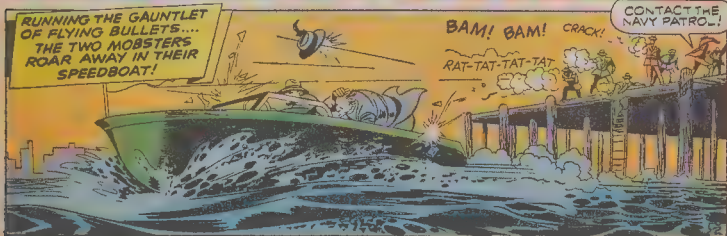


HE'LL GET THREE LIFE SENTENCES IF THEY GET HIM!

MY GOODNESS!

THAT THE LONE COWBOY, DADDY?

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET OF FLYING BULLETS... THE TWO MOBSTERS ROAR AWAY IN THEIR SPEEDBOAT!



BAM! BAM! CRACK! RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT

CONTACT THE NAVY PATROL...

SEVERAL DAYS LATER...ON A TANKER AT SEA...

I CAN'T HELP
LAUGHIN' OVER HOW
WE GAVE EM DE
S...P, BOSS! E IT
WUZNT FOR OUR
RJM RNNIN'
EXPERIENCE, WE'D
NEVER GOT PAST
DAT NAVY PATROL!

IT'S JUST LIKE
I ALWAYS SAD,
BUTTSY, THERE'S
NUTTIN' LIKE
A GOOD
EDJICATION!

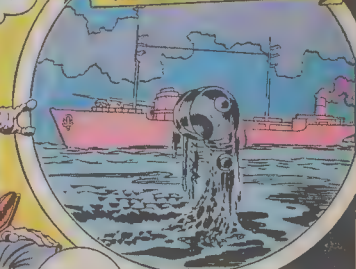
DON'T, BOSS!
EVERYTIME I TAKS
OF ME REFORM
SCHOOL DAYS, I--
I GETS KINDA
SEDIMENTAL
NS DE...

YA KNOW, IT BOINS ME
UP WHEN I TAK OF DE
NONE OF DOSE FEDS...
TRYN TA DRAFT ME...
HORSESHOES CORONA!
DEY KNOW I DONT GO
FOR DS WAR RACKET!

I GOT NO BEEFS AGAINST
DS NAZI MOB...DEY NEVER
MUSCLED IN ON MY RACKETS!
BESIDES...I LIKE EVERYBODY!
IN DE SOCIABLE TYPE!

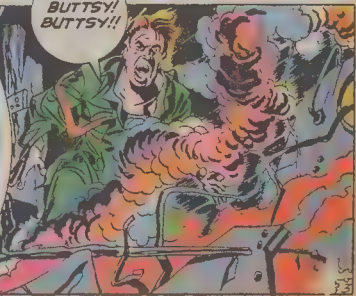
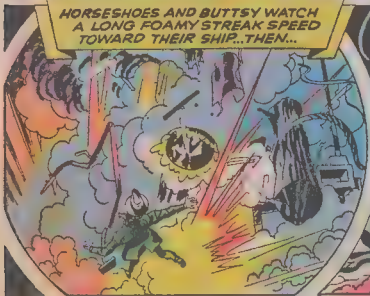
HEY, BOSS!
LOOK!! PEEPIN'
TOMS!

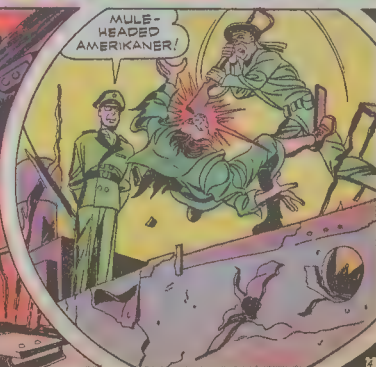
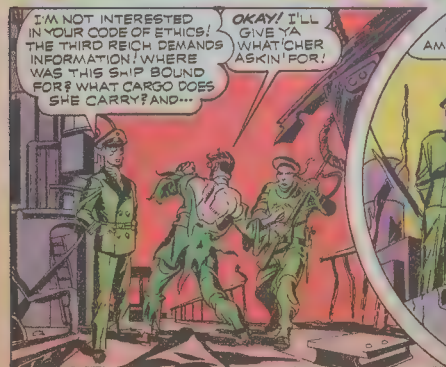
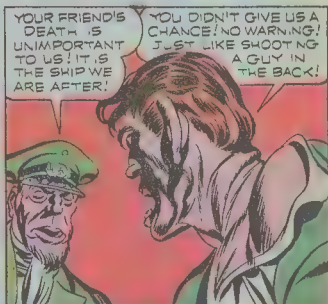
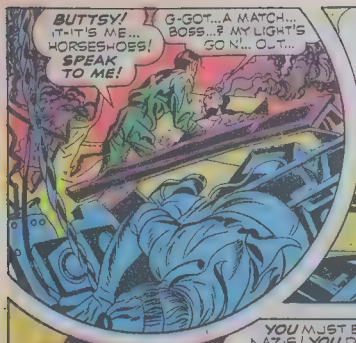
THE SUN SUDDENLY REFLECTS
ON COLD METAL RISING FROM
THE CHURNING DEPTHS!

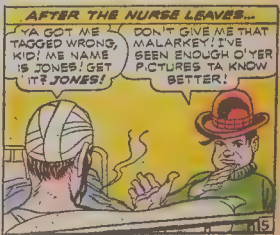
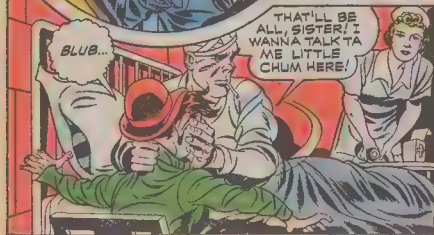
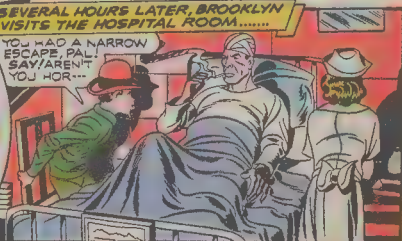
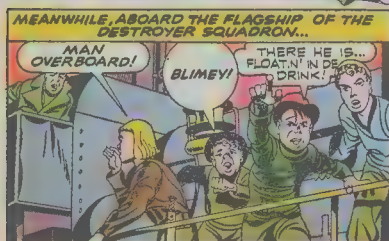
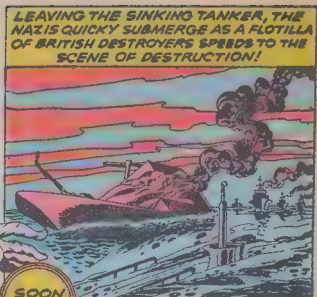
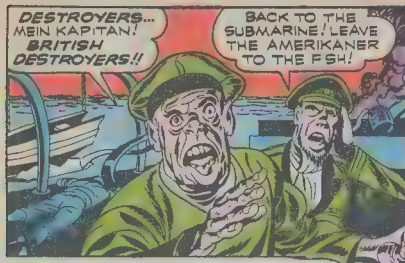


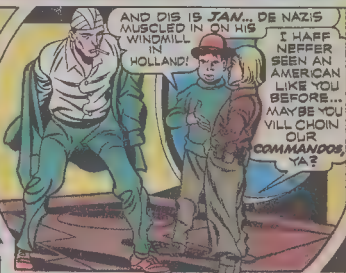
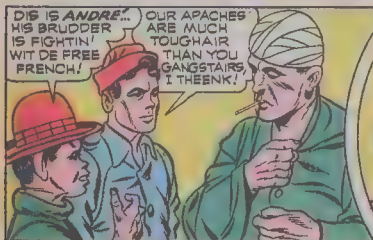
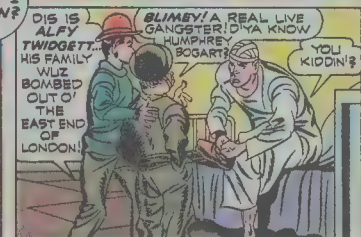
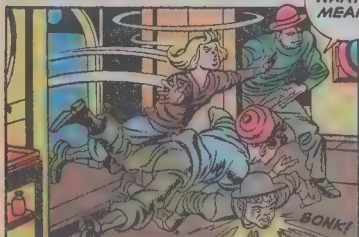
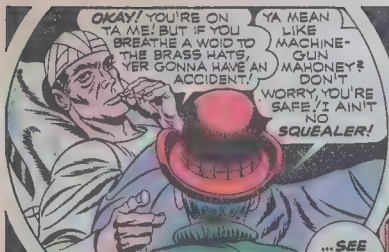
HORSESHOES AND BUTTSY WATCH
A LONG FOAMY STREAK SPEED
TOWARD THEIR SHIP...THEN...

BUTTSY!
BUTTSY!!









The FALSE GLAMOUR OF NOTORIOUS FIGURES LIKE HORSESHOES CORONA HAS ALWAYS BEEN A MAGNET WHICH HAS ATTRACTED THE IMAGINATIONS OF BOYISH MINDS, AND IN THE DAYS TO FOLLOW, THE BOY COMMANDOS LISTEN, FASCINATED BY THE HAIR-RAISING EXPLOITS OF THE GANGSTER'S CAREER!

SO DAT NIGHT WE WAIT FER DOSE HIJACKERS, DEY PULLS UP IN TRUCKS, AND COVER OUR DRIVERS WIT TOMMIES, WHEN DEY STARTED SWIPIN' STUFF, MY BOYS COME PROM BEHIND DE CRATES BLAZIN' AWAY!

BULLY FOR YOU BLOKES!

Y'SEE, YA GOTTA MAKE DE OTHER LUG SEE YER VIEWPOINT, IF HE DONT WANNA COME 'ROUND-- A PAIR O' BRASS KNUCKLES WILL OPEN HIS EYES!

JONES! I WANT TO SEE YOU! WE'LL TALK IN MY QUARTERS!

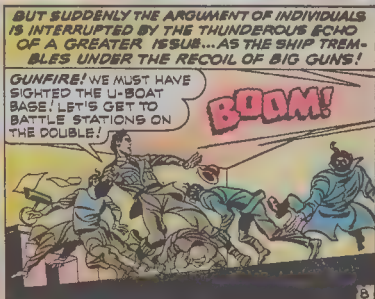
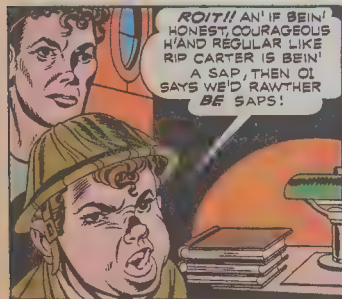
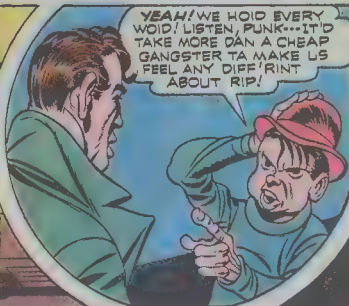
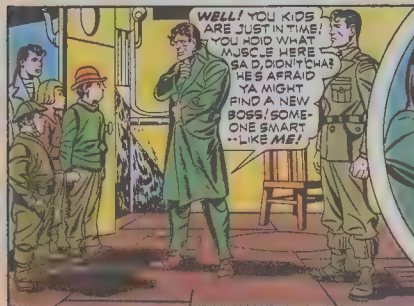
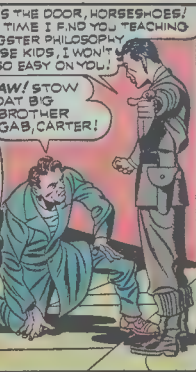
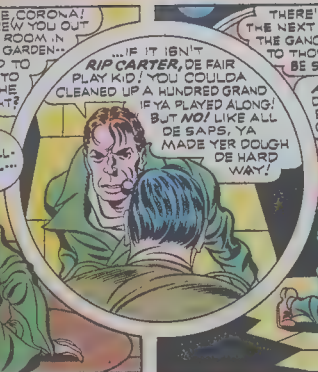
YOU HOLDING SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASSES?

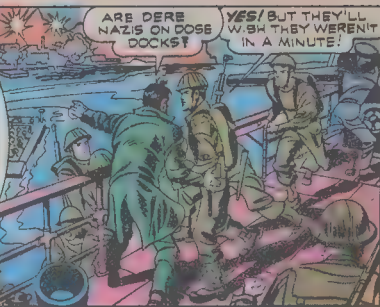
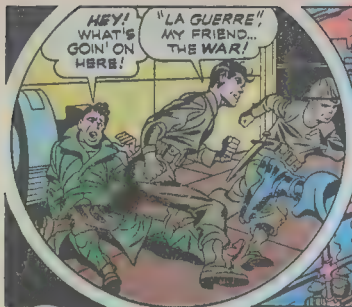
AW, I WUZ JIST TEACHIN' THE KIDS DE ROPES SO DEY WON'T GROW UP TA BE SAPS!

HERE'S SOMETHING YOU'LL HAVE TO LEARN!

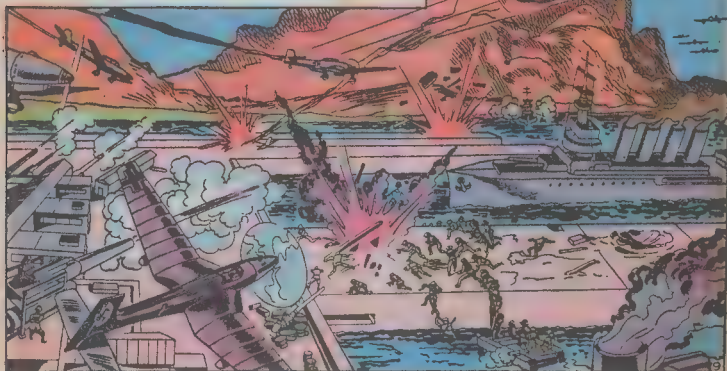
YOU ASKED FOR IT, CHUMP!

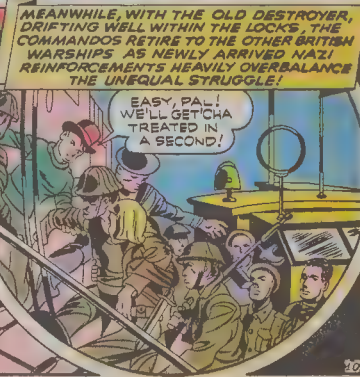
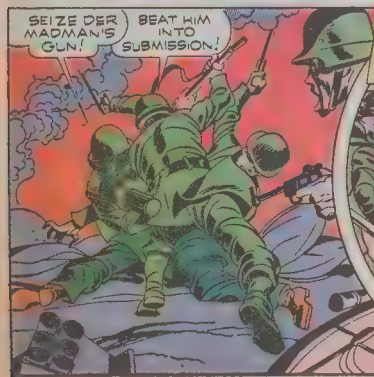
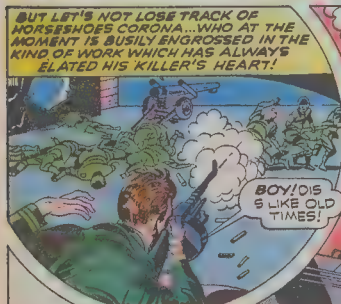
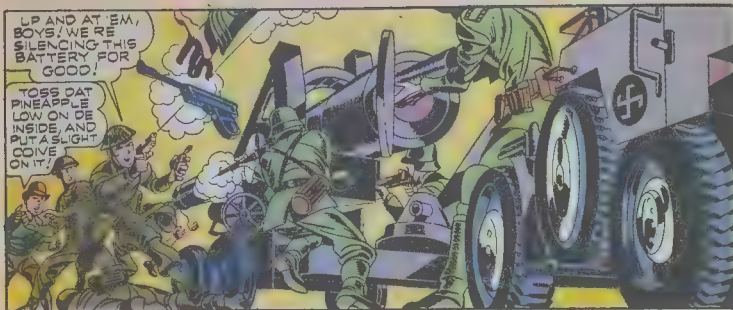
YOU DID, TOO, CORONA!

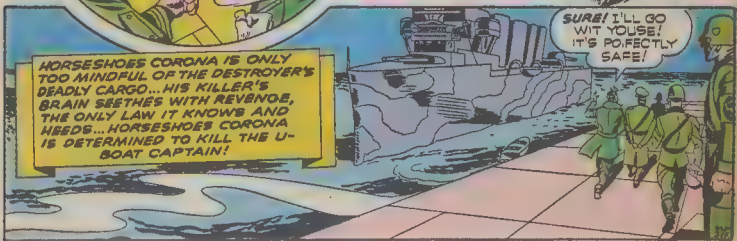
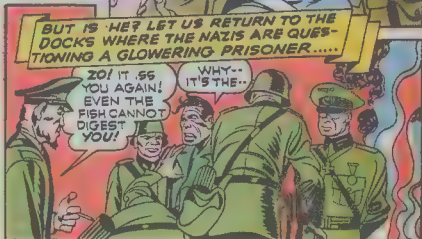
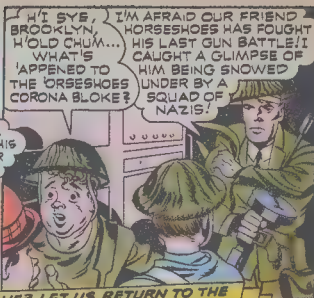
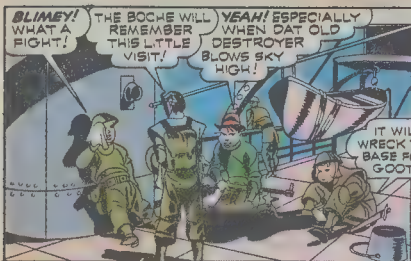




UNDER THE HEAVY SHELLFIRE FROM THE ENEMY SHORE BATTERIES AND THE SCREAMING BOMBS OF DEATH-DIVING STUKAS, THE COMMANDOS SWARM OVER THE NAZI U-BOAT HIDEOUT...WHILE THE GREY HULK OF THEIR OLD DESTROYER DRIFTS INTO THE GERMAN CANAL LOCKS!





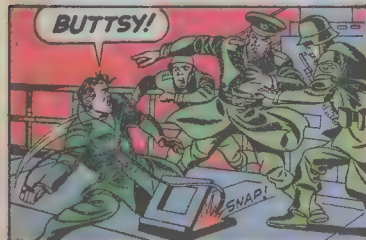


BUT THE TENSE LITTLE DRAMA ON THE DOCKS HAS AN OFF-SHORE AUDIENCE!

LOOK! I SEE CORONA! HE'S TAKIN' DOSE NAZIS ONTO DE TUB!

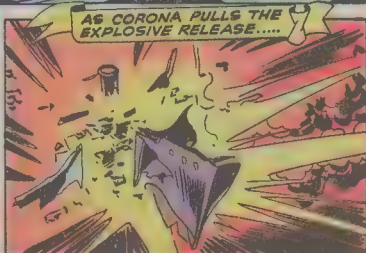
THE FOOL! HE KNOWS THAT SHIP IS DUE TO GO ANY SECOND!

VOT'S DOWN DEREE?

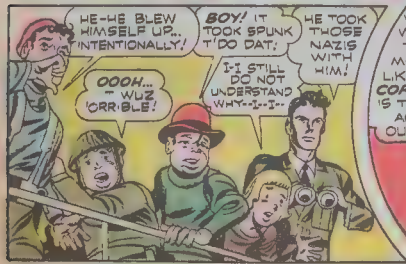


BUTTSY!

SNAP!



AS CORONA PULLS THE EXPLOSIVE RELEASE.....



HE-HE BLEW HIMSELF UP... 'INTENTIONALLY!'

BOY! IT TOOK SPUNK T'DO DAT;

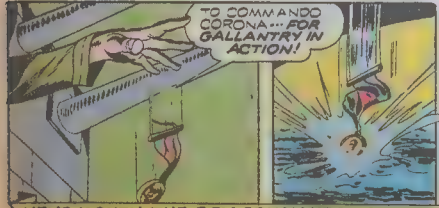
HE TOOK THOSE NAZIS WITH HIM!

OOOH... - WUZ 'ORRIBLE!

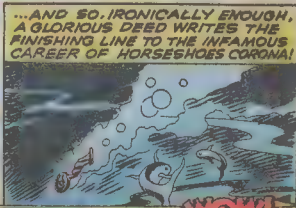
I-I STILL DO NOT UNDERSTAND WHY-I-I--



WHO KNOWS WHAT BOILS IN THE STRANGE MINDS OF MEN LIKE HORSESHOES CORONA? ALL I KNOW IS THAT HE HELPED ACCOMPLISH OUR MISSION!



TO COMMANDO CORONA... FOR GALLANTRY IN ACTION!

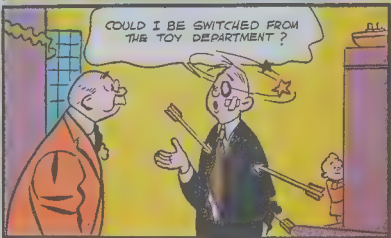
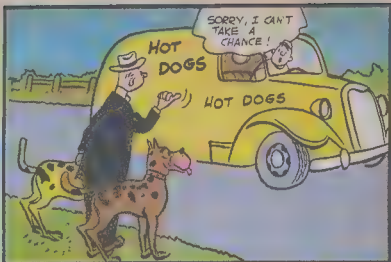
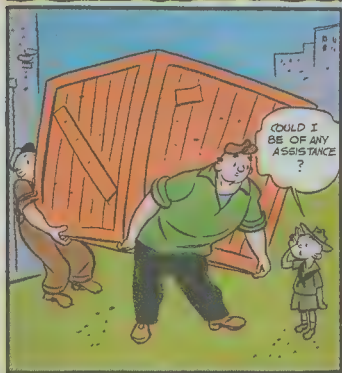


...AND SO, IRONICALLY ENOUGH, A GLORIOUS DEED WRITES THE FINISHING LINE TO THE INFAMOUS CAREER OF HORSESHOES CORONA!

NEXT MONTH THE BOY COMMANDOS GO TO WORK ON THE JAPS....

WOW!

GAGS

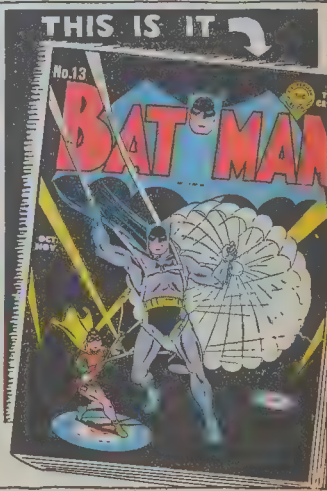


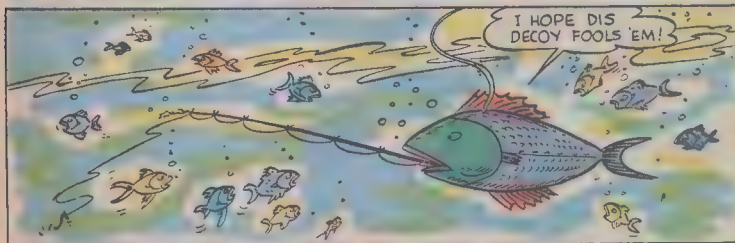
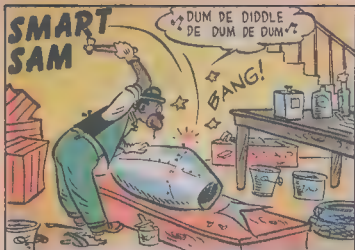
EXTRA! BATMAN AND ROBIN SPLIT UP!

WHAT CAUSED THIS GREATEST OF CRIME-BUSTING TEAMS TO BREAK UP?
 WHY DID THE FRIENDSHIP OF BATMAN AND ROBIN DISSOLVE IN BITTERNESS?
 HOW CAN THE MIGHTY CHAMPION SUCCEED WITHOUT HIS LOYAL COMRADE?
 WILL THEY GET TOGETHER AGAIN---OR IS THEIR PARTING FINAL?



YOU'LL FIND THE STARTLING ANSWERS TO ALL THESE THRILLING QUESTIONS IN "THE BATMAN PLAYS A LOSE HAND" ---WHICH IS JUST ONE OF THE FOUR TERRIFIC BATMAN STORIES IN BATMAN No.13 ON SALE AUG.12TH

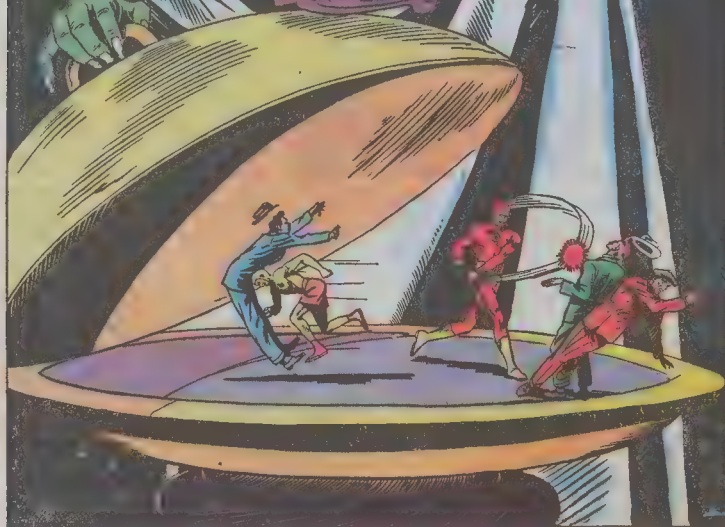


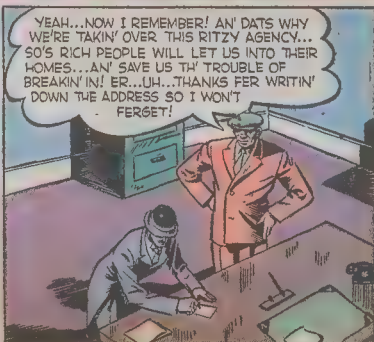
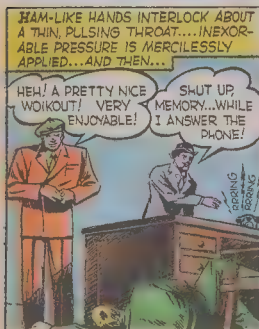
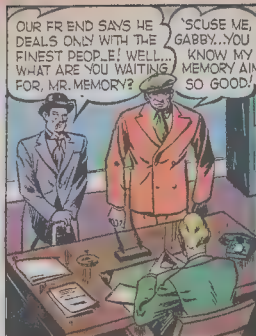
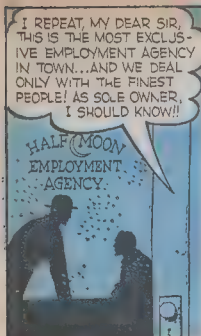


WHEN CUNNING RACKETEERS CONTRIVE TO MAKE A LEGITIMATE BUSINESS SERVE THEIR OWN EVIL ENDS, IT IS THE SIGNAL FOR LEE TRAVIS TO SHED THE DRAB MUFF-TI OF CIVILIAN LIFE AND ROBE HIMSELF AGAIN IN THE RED-TINTED RAIMENT OF THE CRIMSON AVENGER! FAITHFUL IN FRIENDSHIP... REMORSELESS AGAINST RUTHLESS RENEGADES... THE SCARLET-HUED LAWMAN DISREGARDS DEADLY DANGER AS HE RACES THE CLOCK... TRYING TO BRING TO AN EARLY END —
"CRIME ON THE HALF-MOON!"

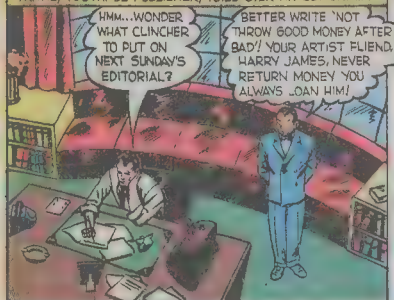
THE CRIMSON AVENGER

BY JACK LEHTI





NOW WE MOVE TO THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN WHERE LEE TRAVIS, YOUTHFUL PUBLISHER, TOILS OVER AN EDITORIAL!



HMM...WONDER WHAT CLINCHER TO PUT ON NEXT SUNDAY'S EDITORIAL?

BETTER WRITE 'NOT THROW GOOD MONEY AFTER BAD!' YOUR ARTIST FRIEND, HARRY JAMES, NEVER RETURN MONEY YOU ALWAYS LOAN HIM!

BEFORE TRAVIS CAN ANSWER HIS ORIENTAL CHAUFFEUR, WING....



L-LOOK! ALLA TIME BAD LUCK! WHO COME NOW TO BLING HEAVY WOE??

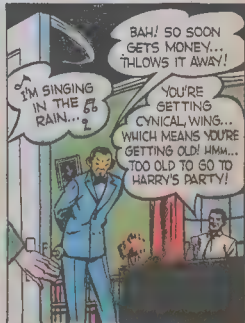
THE DOOR IS OPENED SLOWLY, AND...



WHY, IT'S HARRY JAMES! WHAT'S UP, FELLA?

CONGRATULATE ME! I FINALLY SOLD A PAINTING!

HERE'S THE MONEY YOU'VE LOANED ME...AND AT NOON YOU'RE COMING OVER TO MY PLACE FOR A CELEBRATION! I'M SO HAPPY I PHONED THE SWANKIEST AGENCY IN TOWN TO SEND OVER A BUTLER FOR THE AFTERNOON! SEE YOU LATER, LEE!

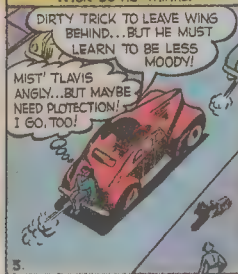


I'M SINGING IN THE G6 RAIN...2

BAH! SO SOON GETS MONEY...THROWS IT AWAY!

YOU'RE GETTING CYNICAL, WING... WHICH MEANS YOU'RE GETTING OLD! HMM... TOO OLD TO GO TO HARRY'S PARTY!

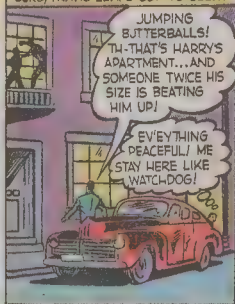
AND SO...SOON AFTER...LEE TRAVIS WHEELS HIS CAR THROUGH THE CITY'S TEEMING TRAFFIC...ALONE...OR SO HE THINKS!



DIRTY TRICK TO LEAVE WING BEHIND...BUT HE MUST LEARN TO BE LESS MOODY!

MIST' TRAVIS ANGLY...BUT MAYBE NEED PROTECTION! I GO, TOO!

EXPERTLY GUIDING HIS CAR TO THE CURB, TRAVIS LEAPS OUT TO SEE...



JUMPING BUTTERBALLS! TH-THAT'S HARRY'S APARTMENT...AND SOMEONE TWICE HIS SIZE IS BEATING HIM UP!

EV'RYTHING PEACEFUL! ME STAY HERE LIKE WATCH-DOG!

FEET FURIOUSLY CHURNING...LEE TRAVIS RACES INTO THE BUILDING... SHEDDING CLOTHES AS HE RUNS... AND REVEALING HIMSELF AS THAT GRIM GRAPPLER AGAINST CRIME... THE CRIMSON AVENGER!!



ONE FLIGHT UP...AND IN A SPARSELY FURNISHED STUDIO A MASSIVE
FIST SWINGS IN A PONDEROUS, PUNISHING ARC!

D-DON'T HIT
ME AGAIN, MR.
MEMORY...
PLEASE...OH-HUH!!

HAH! THIS'LL TEACH YA NOT
TO PERTEND BEIN' RICH...AN'
FOOLIN' GUYS LIKE ME! WHY...
THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' HERE
WORTH TAKIN' A SWIPE
AT...BUT YOU!!

YA MAY BE
UNCONSCIOUS...
BUT I'M STILL
GONNA BUST....HUH??

I HAVEN'T SAID
ANYTHING...AND
WHEN I GET
THROUGH YOU
WON'T BE
ABLE TO!

I'LL KONK DAT
GUY SO HARD
HE'LL BOUNCE
FER A WEEK!

BUT EVEN AS THE MURDEROUS MEMORY
WIELDS THE HEAVY STATUETTE, THE
CRIMSON AVENGER GRASPS A FRAMED
CANVAS FROM AN EASEL...AND...

HMM...CAN'T SAY I
ADMIRE THE SUBJECT MATTER
OF THIS
PICTURE!

AND AGAIN...WITH DEVASTATING ACCURACY...THE
CRIMSON AVENGER'S ROCK-LIKE FIST THUNDERS AGAINST
MEMORY'S LOW-SLUNG JAW!

UH...UH...

YEP! THE PICTURE
NEEDS A FEW
RETOUCHES...AND HERE'S
THE FIRST!

BUT...THE HULKING BODY OF MEMORY PROVES CAPABLE OF
WITHSTANDING PUNISHMENT THAT WOULD FLOOR LESSER
MEN! HIS HAND SNAKES INTO HIS POCKET...AND THEN...

IF YA KNOW
ANY PRAYERS....
SAY 'EM!

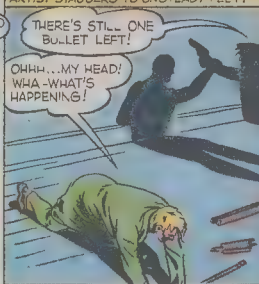
OH-OH!

FASTER THAN MEMORY'S PUDDY FINGER CAN PRESS THE TRIGGER, THE CRIMSON AVENGER'S FOOT FLASHES FORWARD!



I'M GONNA DRILL I'VE INTRODUCED YOU TO CIVIC VIRTUE! LIKE IT?

SECONDS LATER, AWAKENED BY THE SHOTS AND SOUNDS OF STRUGGLING, THE BEATEN ARTIST STAGGERS TO UNSTEADY FEET!



THERE'S STILL ONE BULLET LEFT!

OH...MY HEAD! WHA-WHAT'S HAPPENING!

A GRIPPED HAND WRENCHES FREE...A FINGER TIGHTENS... A GUN BLASTS!



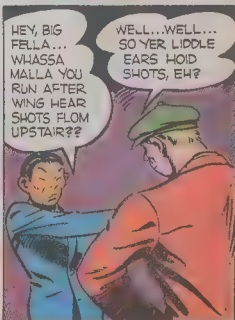
I'M SHOT... AHHHHH...

HARRY! HARRY!



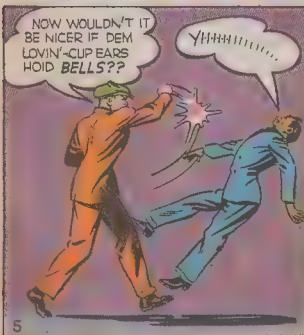
HAW! IF YA ONLY GOT ONE BULLET LEFT...SHOOT TH' HERO'S PAL! TH' HERO WILL STICK WIT' HIS PAL AN' TRY TO SAVE HIM, HA HA! IT'S EASY WHEN YA KNOW HOW!

BUT...MEMORY HASN'T COUNTED ON BRAVE, LITTLE WING!



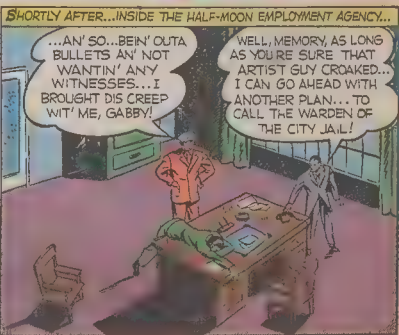
HEY, BIG FELLA... WHASSA MALLA YOU RUN AFTER WING HEAR SHOTS FLOM UPSTAIR??

WELL...WELL... SO YER LIDDLE EARS HOID SHOTS, EH?



NOW WOULDN'T IT BE NICER IF DEM LOVIN'-CUP EARS HOID BELLS??

YHHHHHHH...



SHORTLY AFTER...INSIDE THE HALF-MOON EMPLOYMENT AGENCY...

...AN' SO...BEIN' OUTA BULLETS AN' NOT WANTIN' ANY WITNESSES...I BROUGHT DIS CREEP WIT' ME, GABBY!

WELL, MEMORY, AS LONG AS YOU'RE SURE THAT ARTIST GUY CROAKED... I CAN GO AHEAD WITH ANOTHER PLAN... TO CALL THE WARDEN OF THE CITY JAIL!

**A COLD SUSPICION STREAKS
ACROSS MEMORY'S PEANUT BRAIN!**

SAY! ARE YA
THINKIN' OF PUTTIN'
THE FINGER ON
ME?

KEEP YOUR
PAWS IN
YOUR
POCKET...YOU
BIG APE...AND
LISTEN!



HELLO, WARDEN...THIS IS THE
PROPRIETOR OF THE HALF-MOON
EMPLOYMENT AGENCY! I...AH...
KNOW HOW DIFFICULT IT IS FOR
PAROLED MEN TO FIND WORK...
SO IF YOU SEND YOUR NEXT
PAROLEE TO ME I'LL FIND
HIM A JOB WORTHY OF
HIS...ER...TALENTS!



HA! EVEN I
UNDERSTAND!
WE GET AN EX-CON
TO PULL JOBS
FOR US...AN' IF
HE SQUAWKS, WE
TOIN HIM IN FOR
BREAKIN' HIS
PAROLE!

UP WITH
HANDS!!



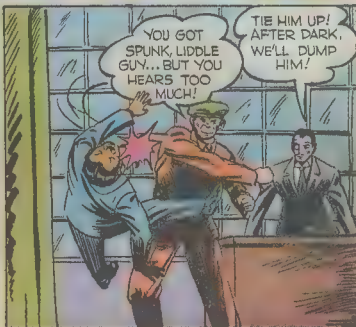
WHO SAID...OHO!
IT'S YOU
AGAIN!

WING SORRY SAY
UN-NICE THINGS 'BOUT
MIST' HARRY JAMES!
MAKE UP BY SOCKEE
MAN WHO SHOOT HIM!



YOU GOT
SPUNK, LIDDLE
GUY... BUT YOU
HEARS TOO
MUCH!

TIE HIM UP!
AFTER DARK,
WE'LL DUMP
HIM!



**MEANWHILE...A SUMMONED DOCTOR
WORKS FEVERISHLY OVER HARRY
JAMES!**

THAT BULLET
WAS DANGEROUSLY
NEAR HIS HEART...
BUT HE'S
FIGHTING
HARD TO
LIVE!

WE MUST
LIVE! HE...
HE'S SUCH A
SWELL KID!



**MINUTES PASS WITH AGONIZING
SLOWNESS, AND THEN THE
STRICKEN FIGURE SIGHS...STIRS...
AND POINTS!**

UH...UH...CH...CHAR...

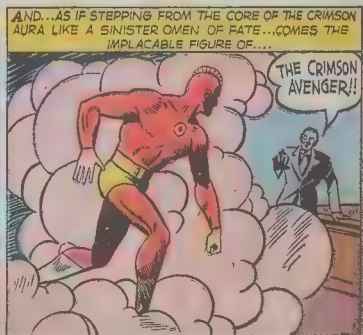
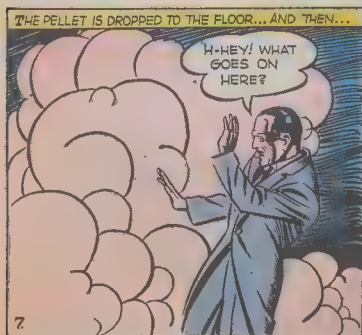
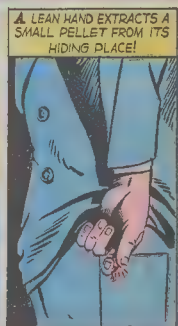
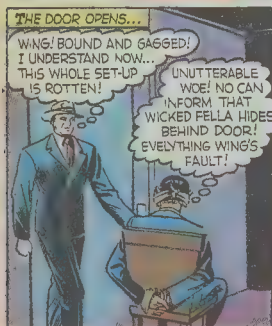
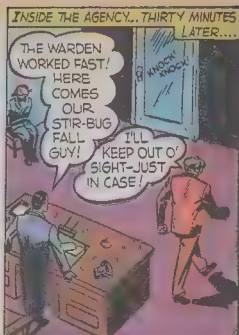
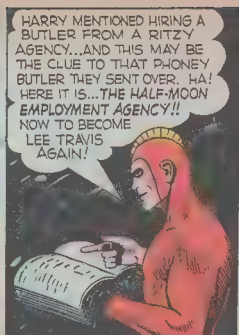
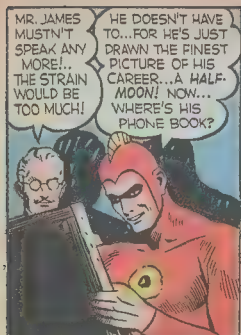
CHAR-? OH!
CHARCOAL!

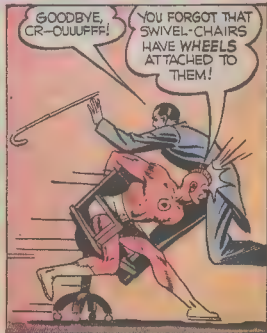
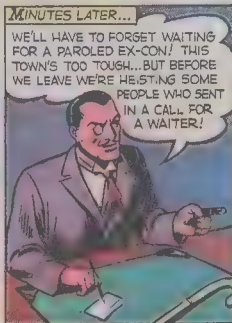
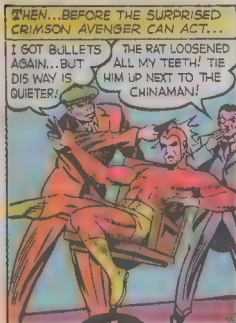
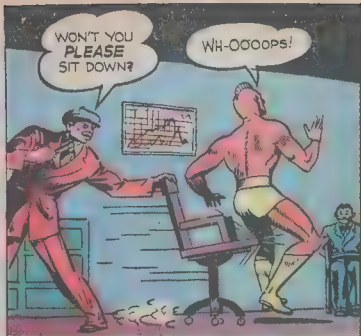
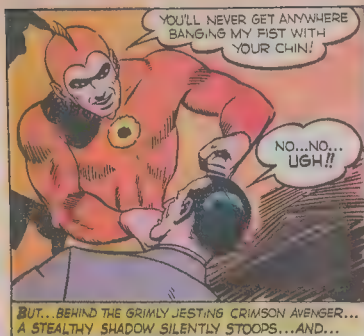


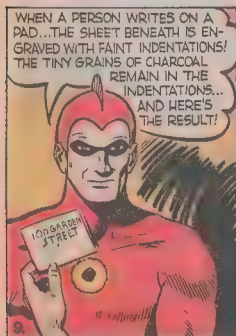
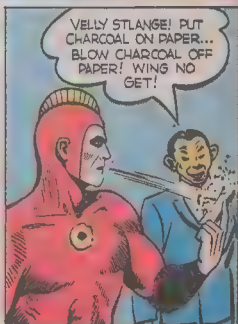
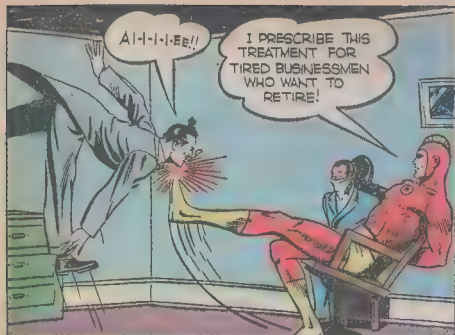
**HOLDING THE STICK OF CHARCOAL,
THE CRIMSON AVENGER LETS THE
ARTIST'S HAND GUIDE HIM... AND
A WAVERING LINE OF TELL-TALE
BLACK IS DRAWN!**

WHMM...THIS COULD BE
ANYTHING FROM A CHEESE-
RIND TO A HALF-MOON...
HALF-MOON!









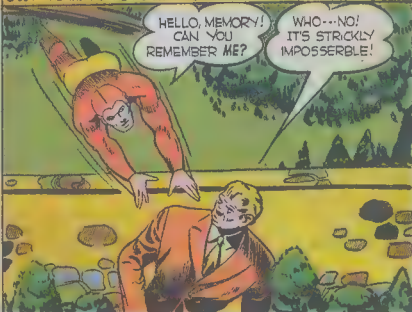
A HALF MINUTE LATER... AND MEMORY SERVES A COURSE!



THIS NEXT DISH IS A SURPRISE AND... ULD! WHAT'S THIS?

DIS IS YOUR SURPRISE! GET OUT YER WALLETS!

JUST THEN... A LITTLE FORM FLASHES FROM AN OVERHANGING LIMB!



HELLO, MEMORY! CAN YOU REMEMBER ME?

WHO... NO! IT'S STRICKLY IMPOSSERBLE!



HERE'S SOMETHING I'VE BEEN SAYING JUST FOR YOU!

AWRRK!

COME TO PLOPPA!

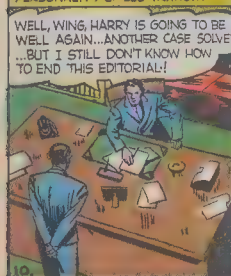


OH HHHH...

THIS BRING WING SWEET REVENGE!

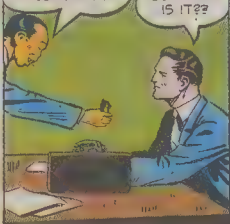
WHEW! THAT'LL HOLD HIM TILL THE POLICE COME... AND THEN SOME!

LATER... AND THE CRIMSON AVENGER HAS CHANGED AGAIN TO THE QUIET PERSONALITY OF LEE TRAVIS...



WELL, WING, HARRY IS GOING TO BE WELL AGAIN... ANOTHER CASE SOLVED... BUT I STILL DON'T KNOW HOW TO END THIS EDITORIAL!

TROUBLE FOR MIST' JAMES START WHEN WING SHOOT BIG MOUTH OFF! MAYBE THIS SHOW HOW BEST WAY END EDITORIAL!



THAT SO? WHAT IS IT??



VERY GOOD, WING... I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN!

SEE NO EVIL, HEAR NO EVIL, SPEAK NO EVIL!

ANOTHER ADVENTURE OF THE HEADLINE MAKERS IN THE NEXT CRIMSON AVENGER WHEN LEE TRAVIS DONS THE SCARLET AND SCOOPS TO CONQUOR!

SPY

BART REGAN MATCHES STEELED FISTS AGAINST THE DEADLY HAIL OF BARKING GUNS AS HE FOLLOWS A GRIM TRAIL THAT LEADS TO THE RUTHLESS MASTERMIND BEHIND THE EVIL MACHINATIONS OF...
"THE SECRET TEN."



THE HALL OF MUSIC--A FEW MINUTES BEFORE THE CONCERT IS TO BEGIN--

THERE'S DREHER AND TWO OTHER MEMBERS OF THE SECRET TEN! WE'VE WATCHED THEM ATTEND THESE CONCERTS BUT NEVER SEEN ANYTHING SUSPICIOUS! YET WE KNOW THAT THEIR LEADER CONTACTS THEM HERE!

IF HE DOES, CHIEF, I'LL FIND OUT HOW!

THEY'RE GOING IN NOW! I'D BETTER KEEP MY EYE ON THEM!

I'VE GOT TO BE GOING! REMEMBER, REGAN, WE MUST FIND OUT WHO THE REAL LEADER OF THE SECRET TEN IS!

MINUTES LATER...

WELL, WELL, BART REGAN! DON'T TELL ME THE SECRET SERVICE IS KEEPING AN EYE ON AMERICAN MUSIC LOVERS NOW!

HUH! OH... GOOD EVENING, MR. HUNG. I--ER--I'M NOT HERE ON DUTY TONIGHT!



EVEN MEMBERS OF THE F.B.I. LIKE GOOD MUSIC ONCE IN A WHILE! IT'S NOT ONLY GREAT MUSIC CRITICS LIKE YOU WHO KNOW HOW TO APPRECIATE IT!

I DARE SAY YOU'RE RIGHT! BUT I'D BETTER GET TO MY SEAT! IT'S NOT GOOD FORM FOR A FAMOUS CRITIC TO TAKE HIS SEAT AFTER THE PERFORMANCE HAS STARTED!

AN HOUR LATER--THREE SHADY FORMS RISE IN THE DARKENED AUDITORIUM AND SILENTLY MAKE THEIR WAY DOWN THE AISLE--

HM--DREHER AND HIS GANG ARE LEAVING ALREADY! APPARENTLY, THIS CONCERT DIDN'T INTEREST HIM MUCH! I'D BETTER FOLLOW THEM OUT!

BRING THE CAR AROUND, MULLER! WE'LL STAY AT THE STATE HOTEL TONIGHT! IT'S NO USE GOING BACK TO THE HIDEOUT!

I'D BETTER WORK FAST. I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT A LITTLE MORE ABOUT THIS!



THE SPY RUSHES TO HIS CAR, UNAWARE OF THE SILENT FORM LURKING IN THE BROODING SHADOWS--

CAT-LIKE, THE SILENT FIGURE STREAKS ACROSS THE SIDE-WALK--A STEELED FIST LASHES OUT--

WITH THIS GUY'S HAT AND COAT, I MIGHT PASS MUSTER DREHER AND HIS GANG MAY DO SOME TALKING IN THE CAR, AND THERE'S A LOT I MUST LEARN!!

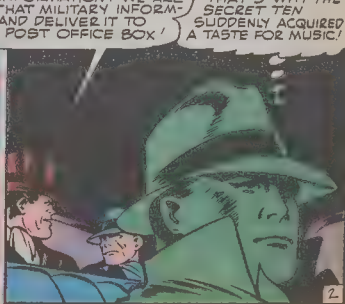


IT TOOK YOU LONG ENOUGH TO GET THE CAR, MULLER! WHERE DID YOU PARK IT? IN HOBOKEN??

SORRY!

HUNO'S MESSAGE IS CLEAR! AN EMISSARY IS LEAVING FOR WASHINGTON WITH IMPORTANT MILITARY INFORMATION! WE ARE TO GET THAT MILITARY INFORMATION AND DELIVER IT TO HUNO'S POST OFFICE BOX!

JUMPIN' CATFISH! HUNO, THE CRITIC, IS THEIR LEADER! THAT'S WHY THE SECRET TEN SUDDENLY ACQUIRED A TASTE FOR MUSIC!

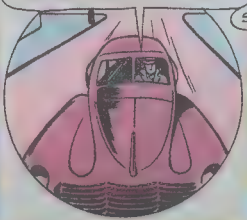


LUNZ DIDN'T SHOW UP AT THE CONCERT TONIGHT! YOU'D BETTER GO TO HIS HOME, MULLER, AND FIND OUT WHY!

YES, SIR!



I'D GIVE MY EYE TEETH TO KNOW HOW HUNO GOT HIS MESSAGE ACROSS TO HIS GANG! HM... MAYBE IF I PAID HIM A VISIT HE MIGHT ENLIGHTEN ME ON THAT POINT!



BUT AT THAT SAME INSTANT, FATE PREPARES A TRAP FOR BART REGAN AS MULLER, DREHER'S HENCHMAN, RELEASES HIMSELF...

I MUST WARN DREHER! SOMETHING IS UP AND I DON'T LIKE IT!!



A SHORT WHILE LATER, MULLER BURSTS INTO DREHER'S HOTEL ROOM--BLURTS OUT A BREATHLESS STORY.

SOMEBODY KNOCKED ME OUT, DREHER, AND TOOK MY CLOTHES! I SAW HIM DRIVE AWAY IN THE LIMOUSINE!!

WHAT?!



GALVANIZED INTO ACTION BY THE STAGGERING IMPLICATION OF MULLER'S STORY, DREHER BARKS CRISP COMMANDS!!

THEN THE MAN WHO DROVE US WAS AN IMPOSTOR--A DETECTIVE!! CALL A TAXI! WE MUST WARN HUNO THE POLICE HAVE FOUND OUT HE'S OUR LEADER! WHY HASN'T HUNO GOT A PHONE!?



MEANWHILE--BART REGAN HAS ARRIVED AT RICHARD HUNO'S HOME...

NO ONE SEEMS TO BE IN! WELL, THIS SPECIAL PICK WILL HAVE THIS LOCK OPEN IN NO TIME! MIGHT AS WELL LET MYSELF IN AND NOSE AROUND A BIT!



BUT WITHIN THE HOUSE, AN OMINOUS WELCOME AWAITS THE SECRET SERVICE AGENT!

KIND OF QUIET! THE HOUSE IS EMPTY, ALL RIGHT!



STAND WHERE YOU ARE, MR. ZEGAN!...AND I'D ADVISE YOU TO REMOVE YOUR GUN AND DROP IT TO THE FLOOR!

HUH?



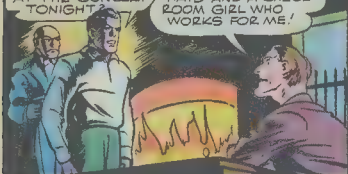
THE SECRET SERVICE AGENT IS LED INTO RICHARD HUNO'S STUDY!

MR. HUNO, PERHAPS YOU'LL CLEAR MY MIND ON ONE POINT--JUST HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO CONTACT DREHER AT THE CONCERT TONIGHT?

YOU KNOW I'M THE LEADER OF THE SECRET TEN? CONGRATULATIONS! AS FOR GETTING IN TOUCH WITH MY MEN IT'S ALL A MATTER OF HATS AND A CHECK-ROOM GIRL WHO WORKS FOR ME!

ALL I'D DO IS CHECK A TOP HAT WITH THE MESSAGE CONCEALED IN THE CROWN! DREHER WOULD CHECK A HAT IDENTICAL IN APPEARANCE, REMAIN AT THE CONCERT FOR A WHILE--THEN LEAVE!

BUT THE GIRL WOULD HAND HIM MY HAT WITH THE CONCEALED MESSAGE INSTEAD OF HIS OWN! THE MOST ASTUTE WATCHER WOULDN'T SEE ANYTHING WRONG! IN THAT WAY, I COULD CONTACT DREHER WITHOUT MAKING THOSE CONTACTS DANGEROUSLY PERSONAL! CLEVER, WHAT?



WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, REGAN WHIRLS, SENDS A BATTERING RAM BLOW TO THE BUTLER'S JAW--

VERY CLEVER, HUNO! I'LL CONGRATULATE YOU AS SOON AS I PUT YOUR MAN FRIDAY OUT OF THE RUNNING--HE ANNOYS ME!

STOP! STOP I SAY!!



WITHOUT LOSING AN INSTANT, REGAN SCOOPS UP THE BUTLER'S GUN, AND WITH DEADLY ACCURACY, SHOTS HUNO'S REVOLVER OUT OF HIS HAND!

YOU'RE A LITTLE SLOW ON THE DRAW, HUNO!

Owooo!!



KEEP 'EM FLYING!!!

OWP!!

YOU IDIOT!! YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!!

WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT, EH? IT SEEMS THAT I'M DOING A PRETTY GOOD JOB OF PRETENDING, THEN!



AT THAT INSTANT, THE BULL-LIKE FIGURE OF DREHER WHIPS INTO THE HOUSE, AND BEHIND HIM, HIS THREE HENCHMEN...

THERE HE IS! QUICK! SHOOT HIM!!



AS THE STACCATO COUGHS OF GUNFIRE SEND A RAIN OF BULLETS WHIZZING TOWARD HIM, REGAN SLAMS THE HEAVY DOOR SHUT--THROWS THE BOLT HOME!

WELL, MR. REGAN, IT SEEMS YOUR ACE HAS BEEN TRUMPED, EH?

GRADUALLY, THE HINGES OF THE DOOR GIVE WAY AS DREHER AND HIS MEN BATTER IT---

YOU ARE TRAPPED, MR. REGAN! TRAPPED!! THE BARS ON THE WINDOW WON'T PERMIT YOU TO ESCAPE, AND SOON THAT DOOR WILL GIVE! HA--HA! NOT SO SMART NOW, ARE YOU?

I'M NOT LICKED YET! MRS. REGAN'S LITTLE BOY HAS SOME TRICKS UP HIS SLEEVE, TOO!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WHY ARE YOU STUFFING THAT RAG UP THE CHIMNEY? WHY SHOULD I TELL YOU AND KILL THE SUSPENSE, HUNO? IT'S SO MUCH MORE INTERESTING TO WAIT AND SEE!



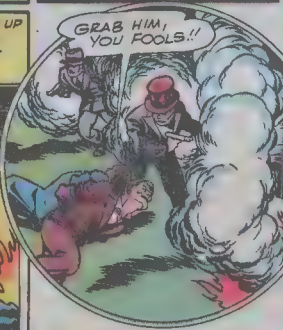
CRACKLING FLAMES SNAKE UP WITHIN THE FIREPLACE AS DREHER AND HIS MEN SPILL INTO THE ROOM WITH A RENDING CRASH!

HERE'S HOPING THIS WORKS!

GRAB HIM, YOU FOOLS!!

AS BILLOWS OF ACRID SMOKE POUR OUT OF THE STUFFED FIREPLACE, A SAVAGE BATTLE RAGES BETWEEN THE SPIES AND BART REGAN!

COUGH... COUGH... SOMEBODY... PUT OUT THAT FIRE... COUGH...



THE BATTLE FLARES BUT AN INSTANT BEFORE REGAN IS OVERPOWERED BY SHEER FORCE OF NUMBERS...

GET HIM OUT OF HERE! GET HIM INTO THE HALL!--AND SOMEBODY PUT OUT THAT FIRE... COUGH--

BUT AT THAT INSTANT, ON THE STREET--

I'D BETTER SEND IN AN ALARM! JUDGING FROM THAT SMOKE, THE WHOLE HOUSE MUST BE ABLAZE!



WITHIN THE HOUSE, BART REGAN TALKS FAST--DESPERATELY STALLS FOR TIME!

I'M WARNING YOU, HUNO, YOU'RE AT THE END OF YOUR ROPE! SHOOTING ME ISN'T GOING TO SAVE YOU!

BLUFF! YOU CAN'T SCARE ME, AND WHAT-EVER IDIOTIC IDEA YOU HAD FOR SMOKING UP THAT ROOM WON'T WORK EITHER!



FOR LONG MINUTES, REGAN MANAGES TO HOLD HUNO'S TRIGGER FINGER--AND THEN...

WHAT'S THAT??

A FIRE ENGINE! SOMEBODY MUST HAVE SEEN THE SMOKE AND SENT IN AN ALARM!



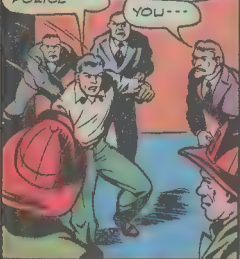
WHERE IS IT?

WHERE IS WHAT? THERE'S NO FIRE HERE, YOU FOOLS! GET OUT OF HERE!!



I'M BART REGAN FROM THE SECRET SERVICE! THESE MEN ARE SPIES! CALL THE POLICE!

YOU---



SHUT UP, YOU FOOL!

AS FOR YOU, GET OUT! GET OUT BEFORE I BLAST YOU OUT!



SECONDS LATER--WITH AN EXPLOSIVE HISS--A POWERFUL STREAM OF WATER STABS OUT OF THE FIRE HOSE!

BLAST US OUT, WILL YA? MAYBE WE'LL BLAST YOU IN!

GOOD WORK, BOYS!



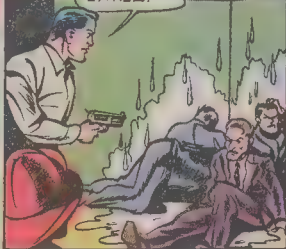
ENOUGH-- blub... blub...

DO YOU THINK WE OUGHT TO QUIT NOW?

I GUESS SO! I DON'T WANT THOSE RATS TO DROWN!



ON YOUR FEET, HUNO! YOU KNOW, FOR THE NEXT TWENTY YEARS OR SO THE ONLY CONCERNS YOU AND YOUR BOYS WILL ATTEND WILL BE THE ONES GIVEN BY THE PRISON BAND! AND THERE ARE NO CHECKROOMS IN PRISON EITHER!



SEE **SPY** NEXT MONTH in **DETECTIVE COMICS** FOR ANOTHER SMASHING! SENSATIONAL STORY!!



by Dalton Weeks

SHIFTY EGGERS, walking from the courtroom accompanied by Maxon, his lawyer, sneered at Detective Tom Purvis. The eyes, which had given him his nickname darted as he said: "I told 'you that you'd never make it stick, Purvis. No one's pinning a murder rap on me. I wouldn't be getting bail if I did the job."

"Tut-tut," the unctuous voice of the ferret-voiced mouthpiece interrupted Eggers. "You're not to talk, Shifty. Besides, you're not on trial. Isn't that right, Purvis?"

Tom Purvis's face flushed. The blue ribbon jury, which had managed to indict Shifty in connection with the death of a jewelry salesman in a hotel, hadn't been able to stop a writ of habeus corpus. Shifty now was out on bail.

In court, Shifty had admitted he had been in Caplan's room. "I went to buy some of the stuff," Shifty had said. "And I didn't like it."

Maybe. But three hours later, Caplan, minus the stock he carried, was dead in his room. His stock was gone, and Shifty's card had been in his pocket. Caplan had been knifed to death. There were no signs of a struggle.

"So did I see him after I left his room?" Shifty protested. "I did not." A bell boy had later answered Caplan's call for ice. He had been alive then, testimony showed, and Shifty had long since left.

"That's enough, Shifty," Maxon said. "You don't have to listen to this flatfoot." He held out his cigarette case. "Here, have a smoke, and come on."

"Okay," Shifty glowered. He helped himself to a handful of cigarettes from the tin of fifty the lawyer habitually carried. Maxon grimaced as Shifty transferred his haul to the emp-

ty package. Shifty would toss money around like an inebriated sailor. But he had his little peccadilloes, and smoking other people's cigarettes was one of them. The trait had more than once occasioned jests in the newspapers.

Forehead furrowed in thought, Tom Purvis watched them leave. Then he went off in the direction of the hotel. The newspapers were shouting for action, and the Commissioner was sore. Something would have to be done quickly.

But what? To Tom Purvis, the job had all the earmarks of one of Shifty's rub-outs. And Shifty's alibi was shaping up too well. Out on bail now, he'd have time to tie together the loose ends.

There wasn't much more to be learned at the hotel. The night watchman who had seen Caplan's door open and discovered the body wasn't able to furnish further clues. Wearily, Shifty went to the bellboy's dressing room, intending to quiz again the boy who had answered Caplan's call. He found him being bawled out by the night manager. There was a bandage on the boy's right hand.

"You can't go on duty with that hand like that," the night manager was saying. "Go on and take the night off. If you hadn't been so careless you wouldn't have cut yourself. Now we'll be short."

The boy replied, angrily: "Is it my fault that Shifty breaks a glass table top when he swings a golf club on it? I can't afford to lose this pay." He looked up, seeing Purvis. "Oh, hello, Mr. Purvis."

Purvis took him outside. "What's this about a table top?"

The boy held up his hand. "Oh, sometime this morning, Shifty Eggers had to show how he can swing a golf club. He

breaks a glass top and I have to take it out and throw it away. Now the night boss is sore at me because I fall and cut myself."

Purvis looked at him. "I didn't know Shifty was that crazy about golf." He scratched his head. "I suppose that glass has been disposed of by now?"

"No!" The boy sounded angry. "I put it in the old check-room back of the main lobby. I was going to get rid of it tonight."

"Okay, let's look at it."

They went to the lobby. Under the glaring light, Purvis studied the glass. There were about six fair sized pieces. Two of them were bloodstained. Purvis looked at these. "You sure must have bled, son," he said sympathetically. "But you look pretty anaemic to me."

"Yeah," the boy said. "I didn't realize it was that bad until Shifty and one of his boys bandaged me up. He's not a bad guy, that Shifty, and he's a good tipper."

Purvis was holding the pieces of glass to the light. It was covered with prints. There was a frowning expression on his face as he tried to piece together the thoughts that were eluding him.

As he put down the glass, he snapped his fingers! Why hadn't he thought of this before? Carefully, he wrapped the broken glass in old newspaper and, accompanied by the boy, went out.

"What again, Purvis?" It was Maxon, standing at the cigar counter. He was slipping a tin of cigarettes into his spacious suit pocket. His eyes went to the bellboy, darted to the package Shifty was carrying. "Still looking for clues?"

Purvis glowered at him. "Maybe," he said curtly. "Maybe not." He heard Maxon's

laughter behind him as he went out.

Until the police lab expert got through, there wasn't anything to do. So Purvis went home to dinner. He was just finishing when the phone rang.

"What?" Purvis cried. He was surprised to find his heart beating rapidly. "Say that again!"

"They're two different types of blood," the voice said. "And here's something funny, Purvis. You know those prints I made of the dead man?"

"Yes . . . yes" Purvis said impatiently.

"Well, I happened to have them on my work table. And there are prints on this glass top that match them!"

Purvis' face worked as he hung up. So Shifty had lied—he had said he had gone to Caplan's room: but he hadn't mentioned that Caplan had been in his room. Shifty had only gone to the salesman's room to establish an alibi.

"He enticed Caplan there," Purvis muttered, "and killed him. But in the struggle he broke the glass and some of the salesman's blood dripped on it after the knifing." It was plain, then, what followed. Shifty, thinking fast, had called up the boy and, on pretense of helping him, had actually caused the kid to cut his hand. That would explain the blood. And, there was always the chance the boy wouldn't even mention the incident to the police. Shifty's luck had held; at the first questioning the boy hadn't!

Outside, in the kitchen, Purvis heard his wife busy with the dishes. He put on his coat to go out, then stopped.

The very law that he upheld was now going to balk him!

He lowered himself into his chair. There wasn't a chance of the Grand Jury issuing a new indictment tonight. No chance until tomorrow when it would convene and look at this new evidence, evidence sufficient to send Shifty Eggers to the chair where he belonged. A cry came from Purvis' lips

as he suddenly remembered Maxon's interest in the boy. What if Maxon had questioned the bellhop, who, suspecting nothing, talked freely? Maxon surely would see that Shifty lammed out of town. Once away it would be pretty hard to find Shifty.

Disgusted, Purvis reached for his cigarettes. The packet was empty. Glowering at this, he idly turned the packet about in his hands. Well, there was no way out of it: nothing to do but try to put a tail on Shifty. Disinterestedly, his eyes mechanically read the fine print on one side of the cigarette carton. Then they blinked. Why, he'd never noticed this before, Purvis chided himself. If only it weren't too late—

He leaped to the phone. Two minutes later, his startled wife heard the door bang behind her spouse. She wondered what had gotten into Tom.

She would have been more surprised fifteen minutes later, to see him knock on the door of Shifty's apartment suite in the hotel. There was nothing but casualness in his manner, nothing to show the relief he felt when he saw Shifty and Maxon. There were two bags packed, in the center of the room.

Purvis said: "Going some place, Shifty? You're under bail, you know!"

Shifty's glance went to his lawyer, who said oilyly: "We're well aware of that, Mr. Purvis. But there is no objection to my client visiting my house for the week-end. It's in this state." Mockingly, he added: "I'm surprised that a detective-sergeant so well versed in the law wouldn't know that."

"That's right," Purvis said. "Anyway, I was just checking up, Maxon." He reached into his pockets, brought out a cigarette packet. Then, "Got a cigarette, Shifty? I'm fresh out."

"Sure, help yourself." Shifty threw over a packet. Purvis' pulse leaped as he drew out a cigarette. Just what he had figured! He felt Maxon's eyes

on him.

"Oh, by the way, Shifty," Purvis said. "We'd like to talk to you downtown about some broken glass."

Shifty's body stiffened. His eyes slid to Maxon. "That's out, Purvis," Maxon snarled. "You know Shifty's out on bail."

"He was," Purvis said, laconically. "But now he's pinched again." His gun came out. "Don't move, Shifty. You neither, Maxon."

Shifty's white face was turned to Maxon. The lawyer's eyes were blazing. "I'll get him out, Purvis," he snarled, "no matter what you're trying to pull." He spoke to Shifty. "Go with him. And don't talk. I'll have a habeas corpus in an hour."

Purvis laughed. "Not tonight," he said. His eyes hardened. "I know Shifty is going to jump his bail, as well as you do, because the Grand Jury won't convene until tomorrow. But this little gadget is going to hold him." He held up a cigarette. "This butt I borrowed from Shifty is a Lucky," he said slowly. "But it came from a Philip Morris package."

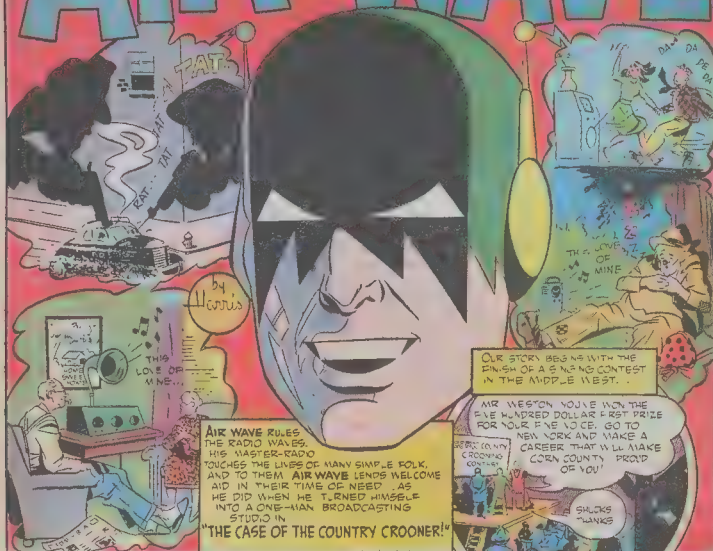
Maxon's eyes were startled. "So what?"

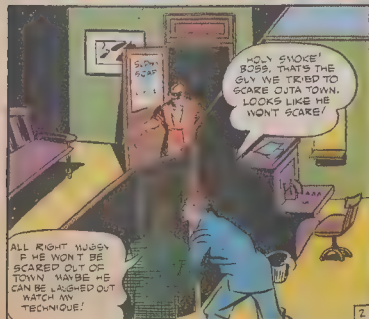
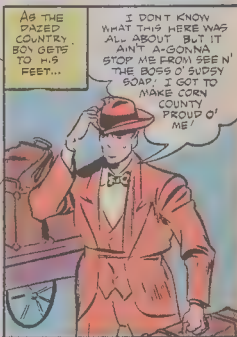
"Just this," Purvis said, relishing every word. "Listen." Slowly, he read from the side of the package:

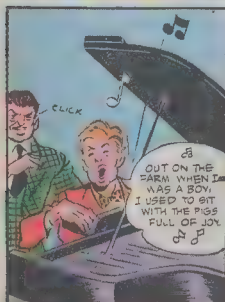
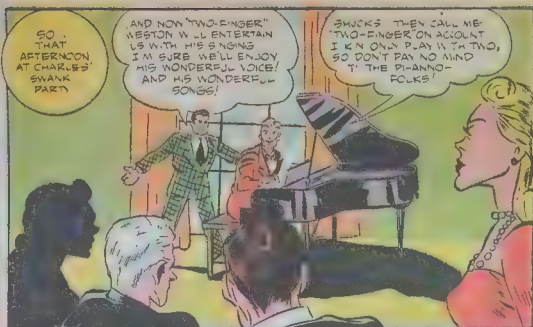
"Notice: The manufacturer of the cigarettes herein contained has complied with all the requirements of law. Every person is cautioned not to use either this package for cigarettes again, or the stamp thereon again, nor to remove the contents of this package without destroying said stamp, under the penalties provided by law in such cases."

Purvis looked at the lawyer. His body was shaking. Shifty's eyes were frightened. "I think," Purvis said, "that that'll be sufficient to hold Shifty until tomorrow. After that, the chair will hold him!" He looked at Shifty. "You should have known it's bad to borrow, Shifty," he said, "especially other people's cigarettes!"

AIR WAVE



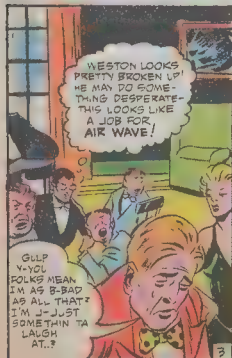
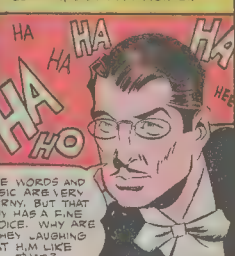




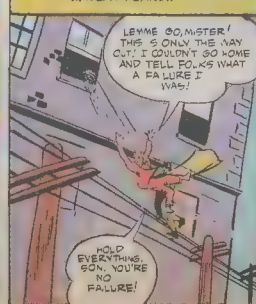
IN RESPONSE TO A SIGNAL FROM CHARLES, THE GUESTS BEGIN TO LAUGH.



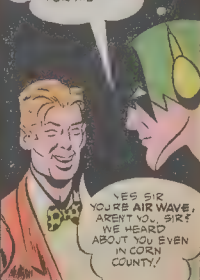
ALSO PRESENT AT THE PARTY IN AN UNOFFICIAL CAPACITY IS LARRY JORDAN, DISTRICT ATTORNEY.



TO A SECLUDED CORNER RETRES LARRY JORDAN, THEN, AS WESTON RUNS BLINDLY TOWARD THE WINDOW, AIR WAVE APPEARS..



THERE'S SOMETHING PECULIAR ABOUT THIS SET-UP AND I'M LOOKING INTO IT. GO TO YOUR HOTEL, AND WAIT FOR ME!



ON CAT-LIKE, ELECTRIC TREAD, AIR WAVE MOUNTS AGAIN TO CHARLES WINDOW...

ANY MAN THAT WOULD PULL A PRACTICAL JOKE LIKE THAT NEEDS WATCHING! HEY! CHARLES IS TAKING WESTON'S MUSIC... WHY? I'LL HAVE TO FOLLOW HIM!



HIGH OVER THE CITY, AIR WAVE SOARS IN PURSUIT OF THE SUSPICIOUS SINGER...



CHARLES SUCCEEDED IN MAKING WESTON LOOK RIDICULOUS. WHY DID HE DO IT? WHY IS HE TAKING HIS MUSIC?

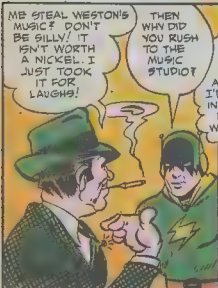
BEFORE CHARLES CAN REACH THE ELEVATOR, THE WIZARD OF WIRELESS APPEARS.



RELEVANTLY

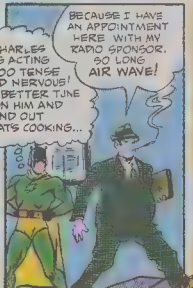
AIR WAVE!

YOU'VE GOT YOUR CRUST, CHARLES. FIRST, YOU HUMiliate POOR WESTON... NOW YOU RUSH OVER HERE TO SELL THE MUSIC YOU STOLE FROM HIM!



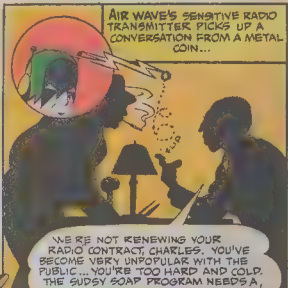
MR. STEAL WESTON'S MUSIC? DON'T BE SILLY! IT ISN'T WORTH A NICKEL. I JUST TOOK IT FOR LAUGHS!

THEN WHY DID YOU RUSH TO THE MUSIC STUDIO?



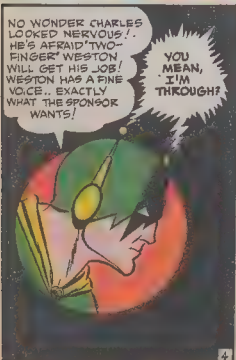
CHARLES IS ACTING TOO TENSE AND NERVOUS! I'D BETTER TUNE IN ON HIM AND FIND OUT WHAT'S COOKING...

BECAUSE I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT HERE WITH MY RADIO SPONSOR. SO LONG, AIR WAVE!



AIR WAVE'S SENSITIVE RADIO TRANSMITTER PICKS UP A CONVERSATION FROM A METAL COIN...

WE'RE NOT RENEWING YOUR RADIO CONTRACT, CHARLES. YOU'VE BECOME VERY UNPOPULAR WITH THE PUBLIC... YOU'RE TOO HARD AND COLD. THE SUDSY SOAP PROGRAM NEEDS A NEW VOICE... FRESH AND COUNTRY-LIKE!



NO WONDER CHARLES LOOKED NERVOUS! HE'S AFRAID "TWO-FINGER" WESTON WILL GET HIS JOB! WESTON HAS A FINE VOICE... EXACTLY WHAT THE SPONSOR WANTS!

YOU MEAN, I'M THROUGH?

BACK ACROSS THE CITY STREAKS AIR WAVE...



WESTON'S AT THE HOLIENS HOTEL... IF I CAN GET HIM THIS JOB, IT'LL SQUARE UP FOR THE TRICK CHARLES PLAYED ON HIM!

THE TOUCH OF A BUTTON PRODUCES AIR WAVE'S MAGNETIC CLIMBING PLATES! LIKE A HUMAN FLY, HE SCALES THE METAL DRAIN PIPE.

GOLLY! IT'S YOU, MISTER AIR WAVE. I DIDN'T GET A CHANCE TO THANK YOU FOR WHAT YOU DONE FER ME!

FORGET IT. "TWO-FINGER" RIGHT NOW I'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU... A SINGING JOB!

WITH STEEL-STRONG MUSCLES, AIR WAVE WHISKS WESTON TO THE RADIO SPONSOR.

SHUCKS. MISTER AIR WAVE, YOU'RE GON' TA A LOT OF TROUBLE FER ME!

IT'S GUYS LIKE THAT WHAT RUIN MY BUSINESS!

AIR WAVE!

SORRY TO EAVESDROP ON YOU, SIR, BUT I OVERHEARD WHAT YOU SAID TO CHARLES. THIS MAN WAS EXACTLY THE VOICE YOU NEED FOR YOUR PROGRAM.

REALLY? I'D LIKE TO HEAR HIM SING!

BEFORE YOU WASTE ANY MORE OF YOUR TIME, SIR! THAT MAN'S A RANK AMATEUR. HERE'S SOME MUSIC HE WROTE. LOOK AT IT AND YOU'LL SEE HOW MUCH TALENT HE HAS!

"I USED TO SIT WITH THE PIGS FULL OF JOY!"
"BAH! WHAT ROT?"
AIR WAVE, TAKE THIS RIDICULOUS MAN AWAY. I DON'T THINK MUCH OF YOUR JOKES, SIR!

SHUCKS. I GUESS MISTER CHARLES DONE THAT TO ME ON ACCOUNT HE DON'T WANT TO LOSE HIS OWN SINGIN' JOB! (SIGH.)

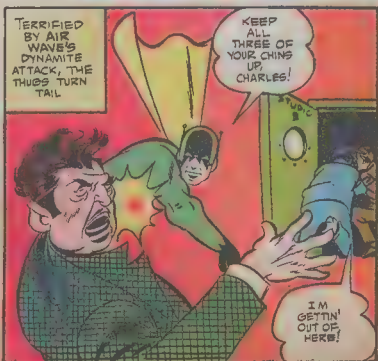
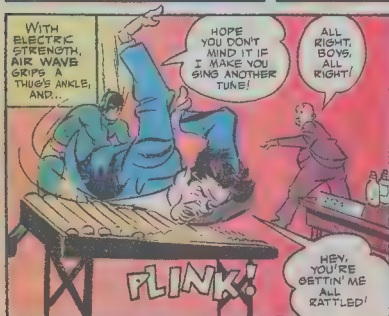
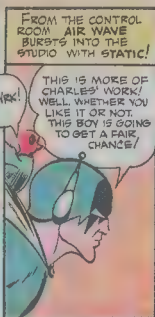
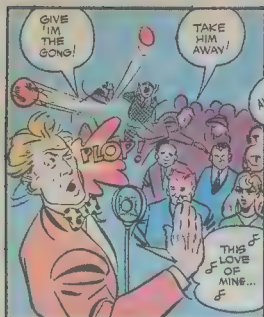
NEVER MIND, "TWO-FINGER." I'VE STILL GOT FAITH IN YOU. I'M GOING TO GET YOU AN AUDITION TONIGHT ON THE LONG'S LINIMENT AMATEUR HOUR.

SO... THAT NIGHT AT THE STUDIO STATION...

AND NOW, "TWO-FINGER" WESTON WILL SING "THE LOVE OF MINE!"

THAT THE GUY YOU TOLD US TO FIX?

YES!

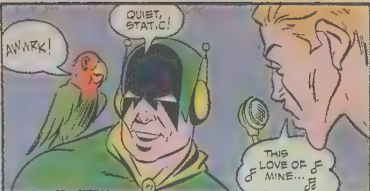


BUT THE BATTLE HAS BATTERED THE BROADCAST EQUIPMENT TO BITS!

SHUCKS I GUESS I NEVER WILL GET TO DO ANYTHING IN THIS HERE CITY.

YOU'VE GOT A FINE VOICE, WESTON AND YOU'RE GOING TO SING FOR THE ENTIRE CITY SING INTO MY MICROPHONE!

QUIET PLEASE

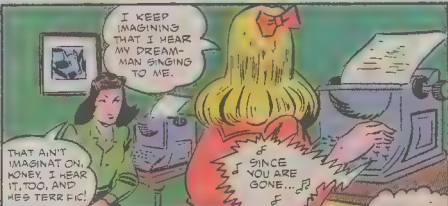


FAR FLUNG BY AIR WAVE'S POWERFUL TRANSMITTER WESTON'S VOICE SINGS TO THE CITY FROM EVERY BIT OF METAL...



THOUGH LIFE IS EMPTY,

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL VOICE,

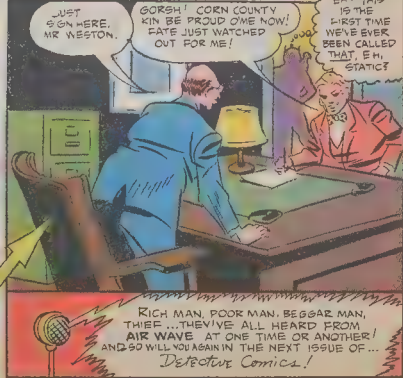


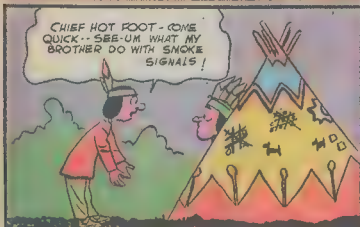
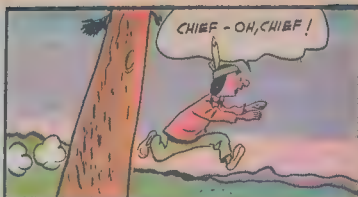
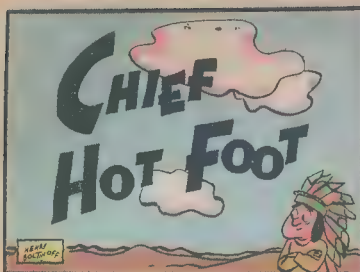
EVEN TO THE SPONSOR OF THE SUDSY SOAP PROGRAM.


YOU HAVE JUST HEARD TWO "FINGER" WESTON SING BY COURTESY OF AIR WAVE'S SPECIAL BROADCAST

THAT'S THE MAN FOR OUR RADIO SHOW! I'VE GOT TO SIGN HIM UP AT ONCE!

AND SO...






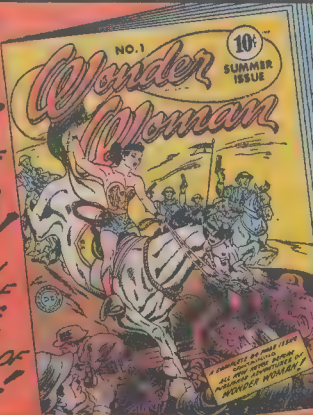



HERE IT IS, BOYS AND GIRLS!

THE FIRST ISSUE OF WONDER WOMAN!

IN LESS THAN A YEAR-ONE OF THE LEADING COMIC BOOK CHARACTERS OF AMERICA!








YOU'LL LOVE HER MORE THAN EVER IN THESE NEW NEVER-BEFORE PUBLISHED EPISODES.

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SLAM BRADLEY

SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN, PRIVATE DETECTIVES, HAVE PROBABLY KNOCKED OUT A FEW BUSHELS OF TEETH IN THE COURSE OF THEIR MANY CASES! BUT THEY NEVER THOUGHT MUCH ABOUT DENTISTRY AS A CAREER UNTIL SHORTY'S TOOTHACHE LANDED THEM NECK-DEEP IN THE BIZARRE AND BAFFLING

"CASE OF THE WHISTLING TOOTH"!!!

LIKE A LOT OF US, SHORTY IS BRAVE ENOUGH---EXCEPT WHEN IT COMES TO FACING A DENTIST!!

AW, LISTEN, SLAM! HONEST, IT DOESN'T HURT ANY MORE---MUCH! LET'S WAIT TILL MOR---!!

DRY UP, PEE WEE! I'VE STOOD FOR YOUR MOANING AROUND ALL I'M GOING TO: YOU'RE HAVING THAT TOOTH PULLED TONIGHT!!

DON'T YOU KNOW MODERN DENTISTRY IS PAINLESS??

OH, YEAH??

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME THAT'S JUST STATIC ON THE DOC'S RADIO!!!

THE DOC MUST BE PRACTISING A NEW HOLD-----!!

IF THAT'S HOW HE EXTRACTS TEETH, I'M GOING HOME!

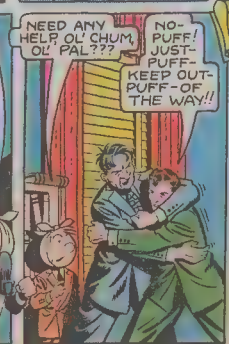
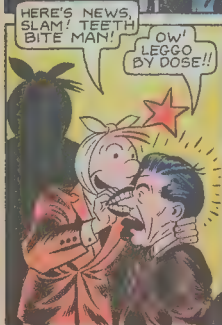
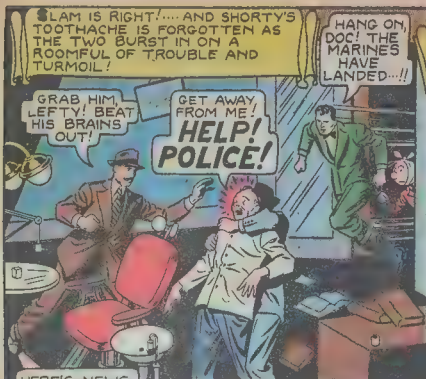
HOLD IT SQUIRT! THERE MUST BE SOME KIND OF TROUBLE UP THERE! COME ON-----!!

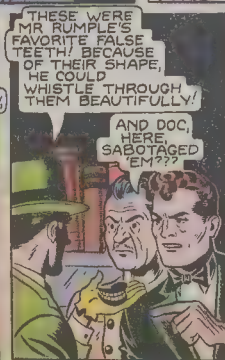
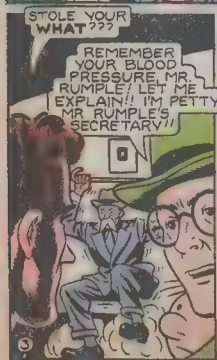
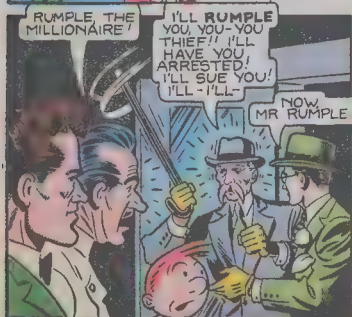
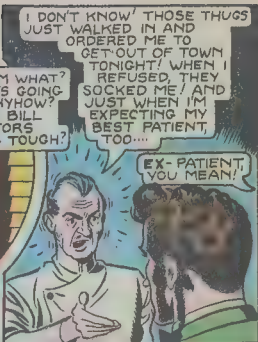
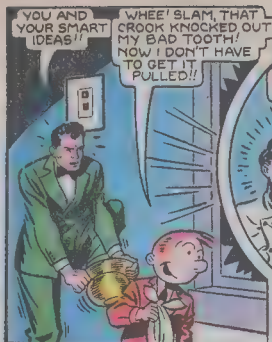
OUCH!
EEK!

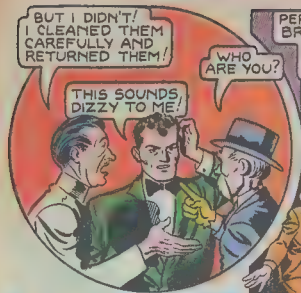
OH!

HALP!

I PULL IT, DENTIST.
ENTRANCE







BUT I DIDN'T!
I CLEANED THEM
CAREFULLY AND
RETURNED THEM!!

WHO
ARE YOU?

THIS SOUNDS
DIZZY TO ME!



PERMIT ME!
BRADLEY AND
MORGAN,
PRIVATE
DETECTIVES!

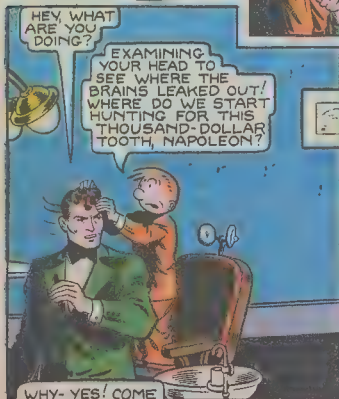
DETECTIVES??
I'LL HIRE YOU!
FIND MY WHISTLING
TOOTH AND I'LL
GIVE YOU A
THOUSAND DOLLARS!
ARREST THIS
CROOK AND....!



PLEASE, MR.
RUMPLE! YOUR
BLOOD PRESSURE!

QUACK!
TOOTH-
STEALER!!

WE'LL
TAKE THE
CASE!
RELAX,
MR. RUMPLE!



HEY, WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?

EXAMINING
YOUR HEAD TO
SEE WHERE THE
BRAINS LEAKED OUT!
WHERE DO WE START
HUNTING FOR THIS
THOUSAND-DOLLAR
TOOTH, NAPOLEON?



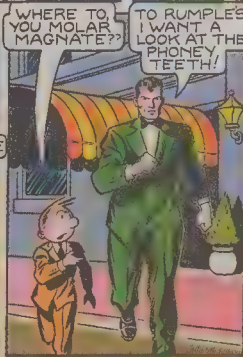
HEY, LEMME
DOWN!!

QUIET, SHRIMP! I'M
POSITIVE THERE'S
SOMETHING BEHIND
ALL THIS! DOC, COULD
ANYONE HAVE STOLEN
RUMPLE'S CHOPPERS
AND SUBSTITUTED
ANOTHER SET?



WHY-YES! COME
TO THINK OF IT,
SOMEONE BROKE
INTO MY OFFICE
LAST NIGHT BUT
DIDN'T STEAL
ANYTHING! THE
CHANGE COULD
HAVE BEEN!
MADE THEN! BUT
WHY??

SEARCH
ME, BUT I'VE
A HUNCH IT
ALL TIES
UP!



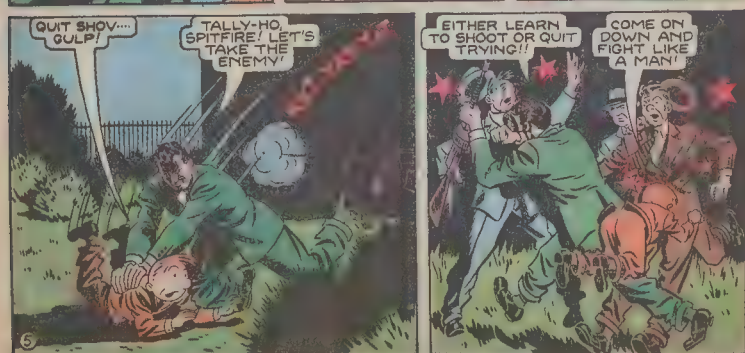
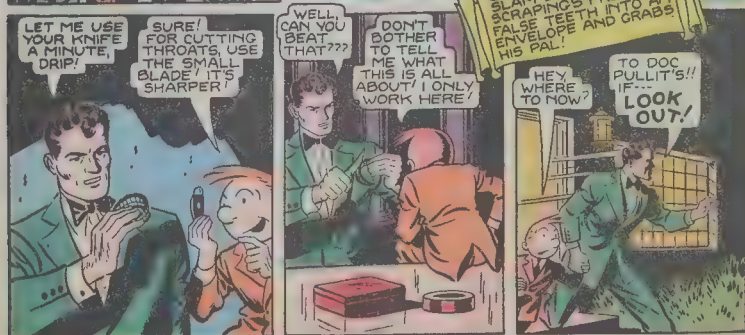
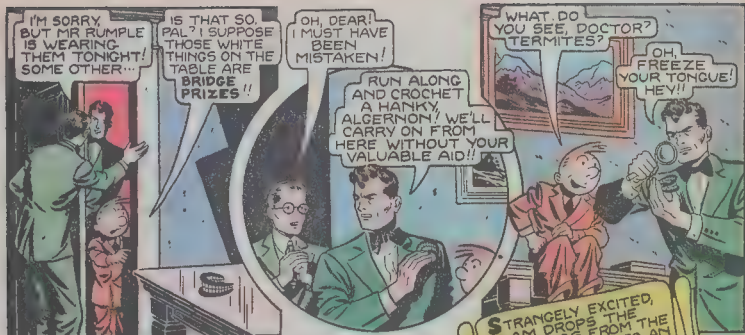
WHERE TO,
YOU MOLAR
MAGNATE??

TO RUMPLES!
I WANT A
LOOK AT THE
PHONEY
TEETH!



HELLO! WE'D
LIKE TO LOOK
AT THOSE TEETH
AGAIN!

YEAH!
TELL
WRINKLES
WE WANT
TO GANDER
AT HIS
INSIPID
INCISOR!





THESE GUYS
ARE BEARS FOR
PUNISHMENT!

MAYBE
YOURS
ARE....!!



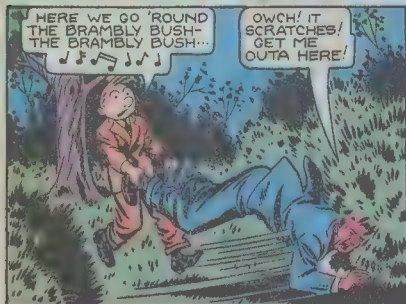
BUT MINE
IS JUST
BARE!!

HE WAS AFRAID
THAT YOU HAD
ANOTHER
DENTIST'S
DRILL IN YOUR
POCKET!



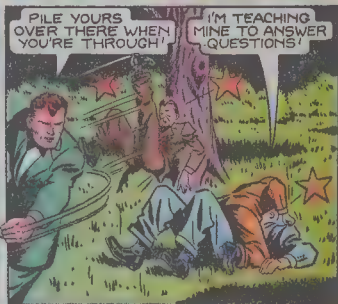
HEY, SLAM!
BLOW SOME
MY WAY!

I'M KICKING
IN WITH
MY SHARE!



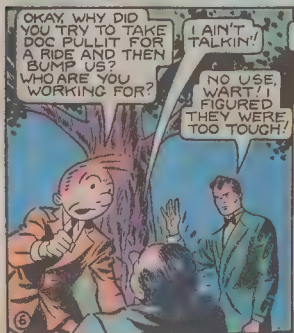
HERE WE GO 'ROUND
THE BRAMBLY BUSH-
THE BRAMBLY BUSH...

OWCH! IT
SCRATCHES!
GET ME
OUTA HERE!



PILE YOURS
OVER THERE WHEN
YOU'RE THROUGH!

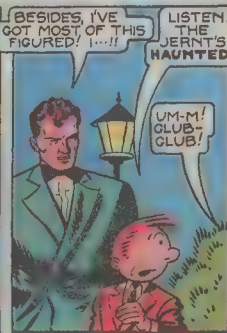
I'M TEACHING
MINE TO ANSWER
QUESTIONS!



OKAY, WHY DID
YOU TRY TO TAKE
DOC PULLIT FOR
A RIDE AND THEN
BUMP US?
WHO ARE YOU
WORKING FOR?

I AIN'T
TALKIN'!

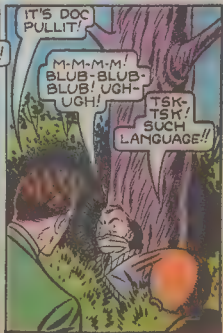
NO USE,
WART! I
FIGURED
THEY WERE
TOO TOUGH!



BESIDES, I'VE
GOT MOST OF THIS
FIGURED! I...!!

LISTEN!
THE
JERNT'S
HAUNTED!!

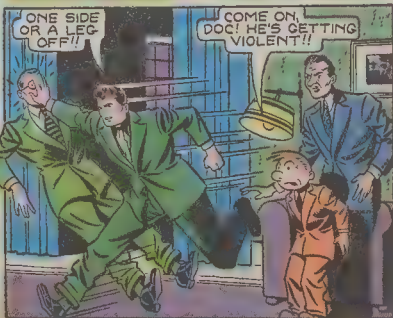
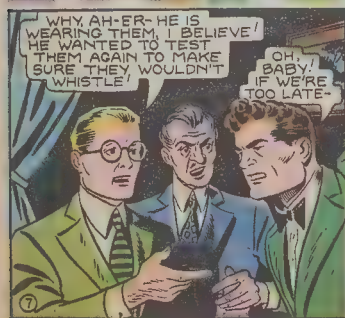
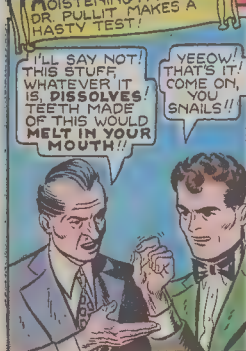
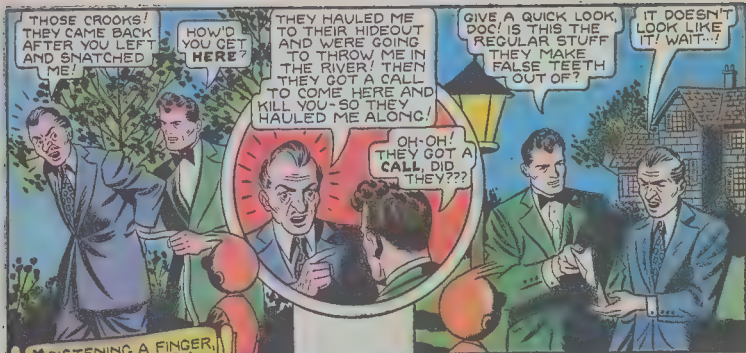
U'M-M!
GLUB-
GLUB!

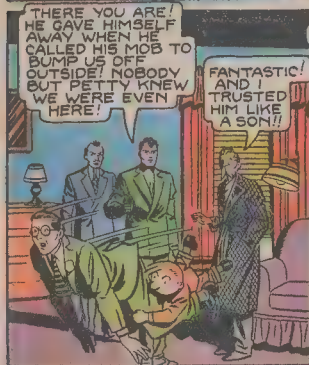
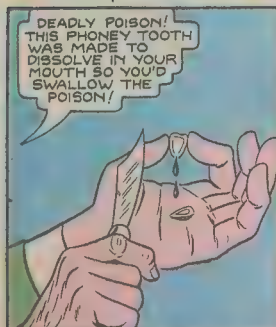
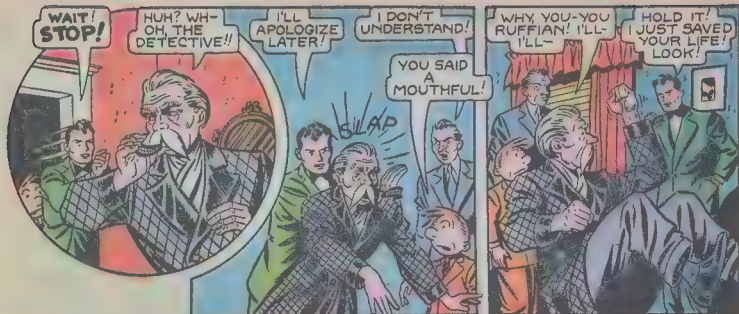


IT'S DOC
PULLIT!

M-M-M-M!
BLUB-BLUB-
BLUB! UGH!

TSK-
TSK!
SUCH
LANGUAGE!!





AND SO ENDS THE ADVENTURE OF THE AWFUL TOOTH!

MEET SLAM AND SHORTY, THOSE MIGHTY ARTISTS OF MIRTHFUL MAYHEM, IN A NEW, BEWILDERING HODGE-PODGE OF CRAZY CRIME AND FLASHING FISTS IN NEXT MONTH'S

DETECTIVE COMICS!



LOOK FOR THIS
TRADEMARK
FOR
THE BEST IN
COMIC MAGAZINES!



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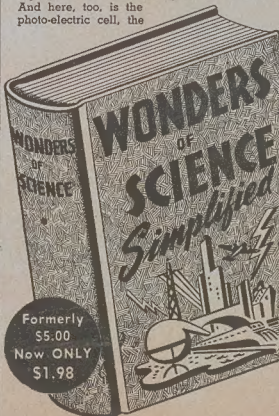
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